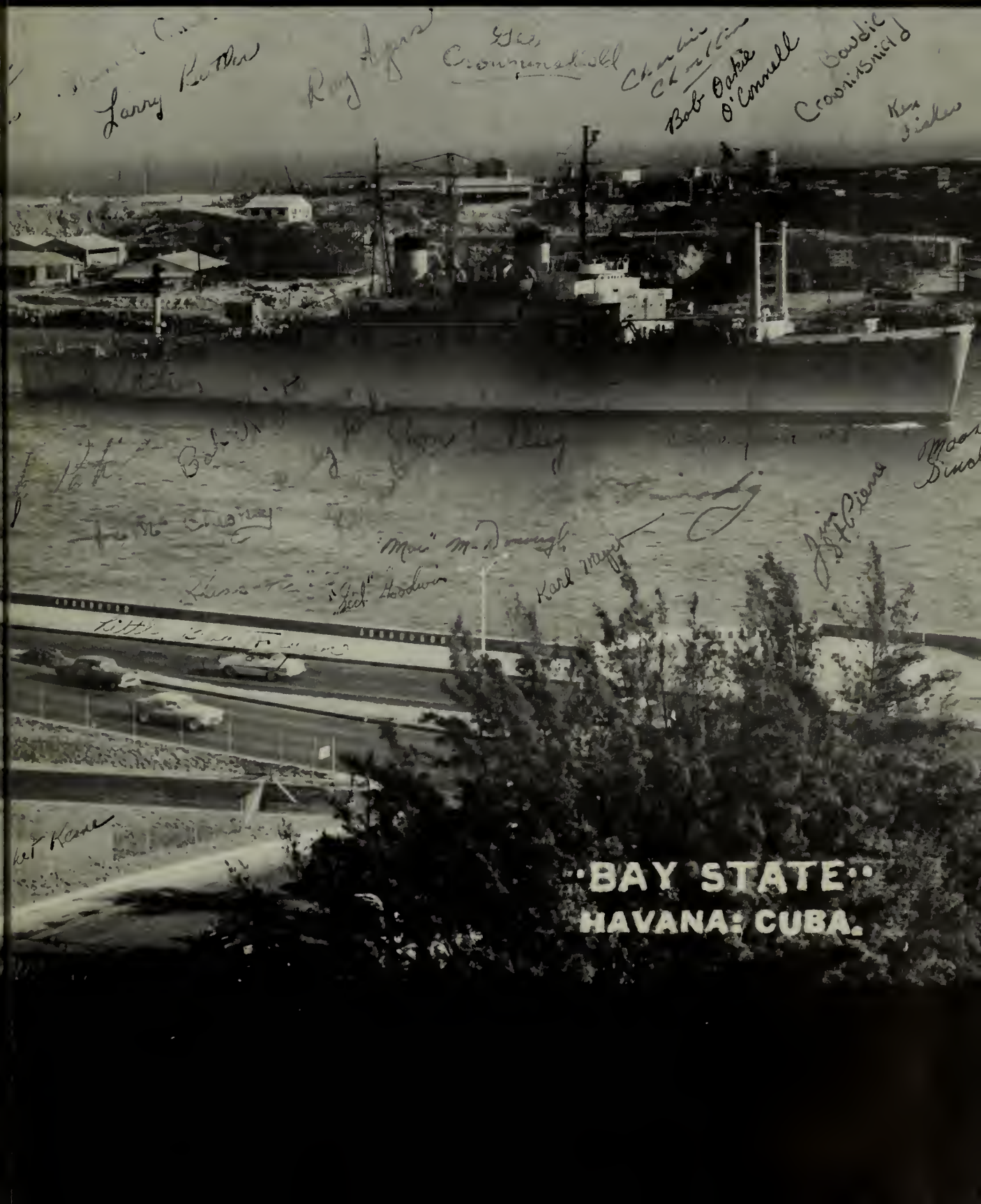
Bill Atkinson
Art Morrison

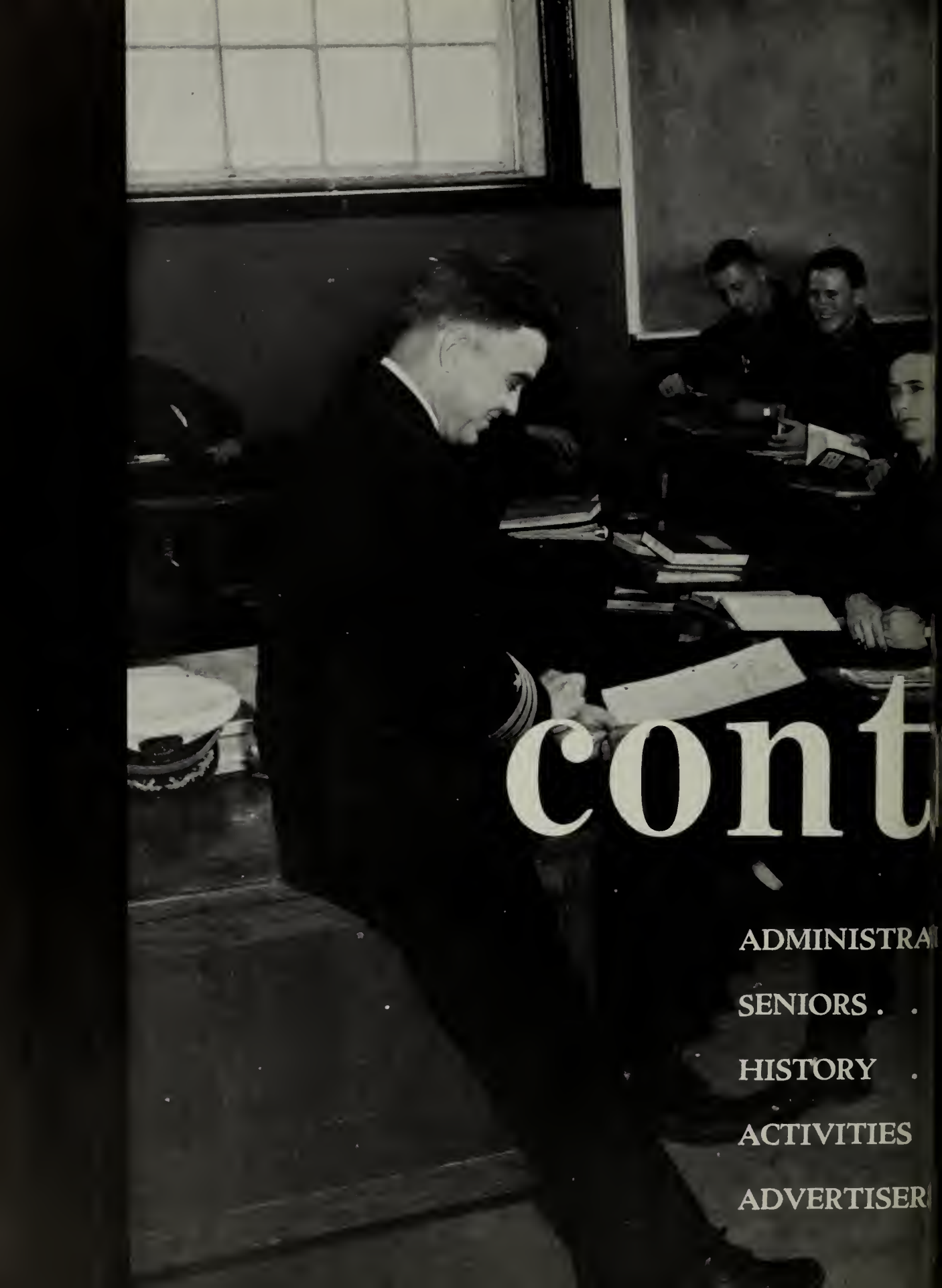

"BAY STATE"
HAVANA: CUBA.

The Senior Class
of the
Massachusetts
Maritime Academy
proudly presents
the
1958
Muster

We dedicate this book to . . .

LIEUTENANT ROBERT R. POITRAS, USNR

To *Lieutenant Robert Poitras* go our thanks and appreciation for his indefatigable interest and invaluable guidance during our three years as Midshipman. We as a class have been very fortunate to have such an outstanding naval officer as both an instructor and a friend. This association has graciously given us a better understanding and a clearer vision of what a good officer is and what it takes to become one. For all of this, we, the Class of 1958 sincerely acknowledge our appreciation by dedicating to him our yearbook.



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ADMINISTRA
SENIORS . .
HISTORY .
ACTIVITIES
ADVERTISER

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. . . . . pages 18 to 85

. . . . . pages 94 to 127

. . . . . pages 128 to 145

. . . . . pages 148 to 175

JOHN F. KENNEDY
MASSACHUSETTS

COMMITTEES:
FOREIGN RELATIONS
LABOR AND PUBLIC WELFARE

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE CLASS OF 1958:

I want to take this opportunity to congratulate each Midshipman of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy who will graduate with the Class of 1958.

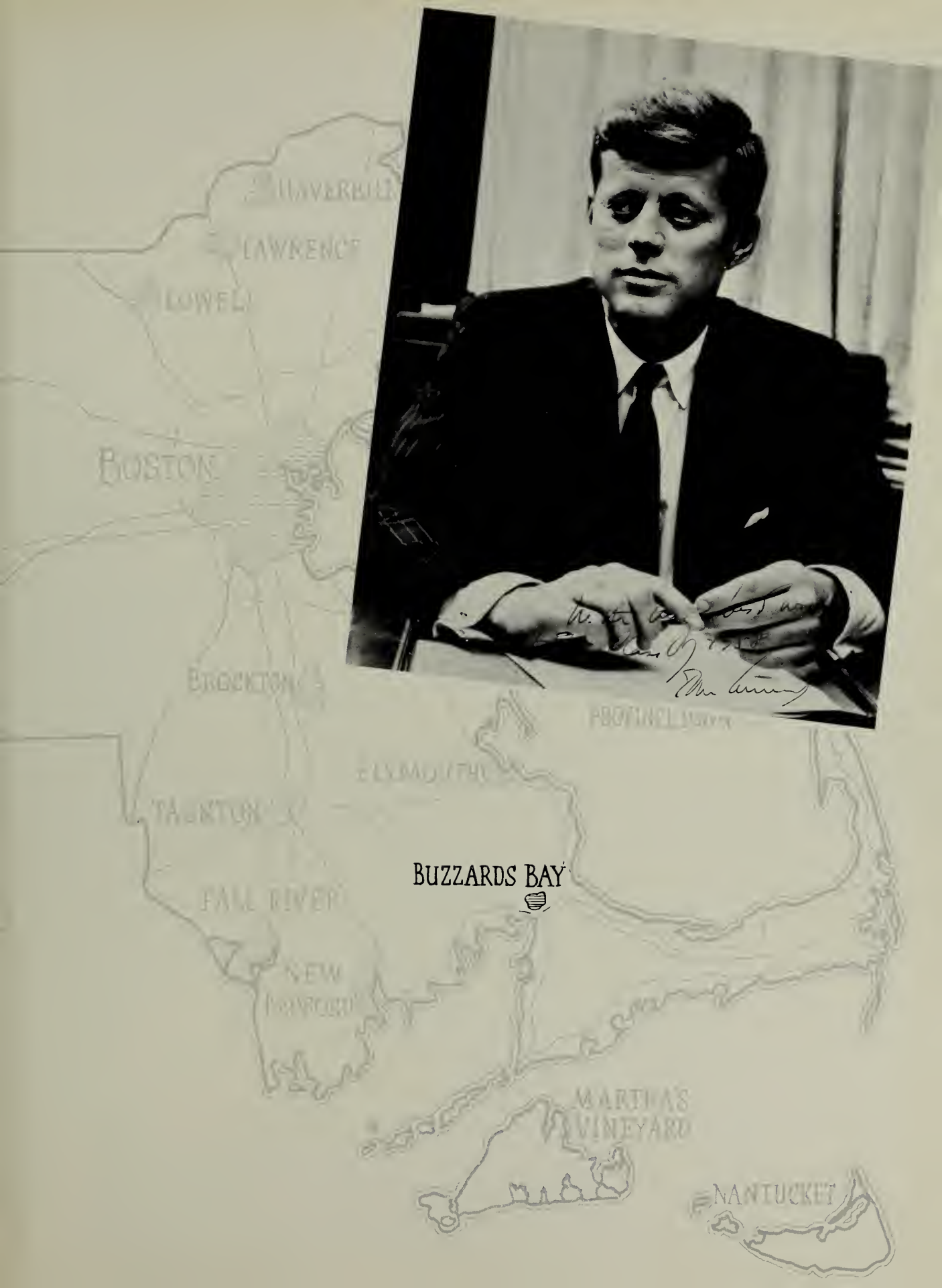
Before each of you came to the Academy you had an excellent background. Yours was a record of success in all your undertakings and your work at the Academy has been no exception. Your records show that you are men who have been enthusiastic, who took your duties seriously and who carried them out faithfully.

I shall always think of you as men who possess a great love and devotion to your country. To me you are men of honor and integrity and above all true Americans. You should be proud of your record because yours is a noble and magnanimous work.

Please add my best wishes to those you have already received from the many who wish you well.

Sincerely yours,

John F. Kennedy


LAWRENCE
LOWELL
BOSTON
BROCKTON
PROVINCETOWN
PLYMOUTH
TAUNTON
BUZZARDS BAY
FALL RIVER
NEW BEDFORD
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
NANTUCKET

ADMINISTRATION

RAdm. JULIAN D. WILSON, USN (Retired)
Superintendent

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

Gentlemen of the Class of 1958:

As you read this letter for the first time you will be poised and ready, I know, to take your own proper places in the world of men.

A sorely troubled world it is, gentlemen-- a world in which a tryannical ideology is fighting with all its resources of mind, man, and machine to subvert and conquer us and our friends. We must be strong-- not only physically, with weapons and the men to man them, but morally, with our minds and hearts.

You are a part of that strength. As trained officers you will swell the ranks of our nation's defenders if need be. As young Americans you will hold high the ideals which we all cherish-- which make our country great. As graduates of our school you will in due course provide a share of her great tradition.

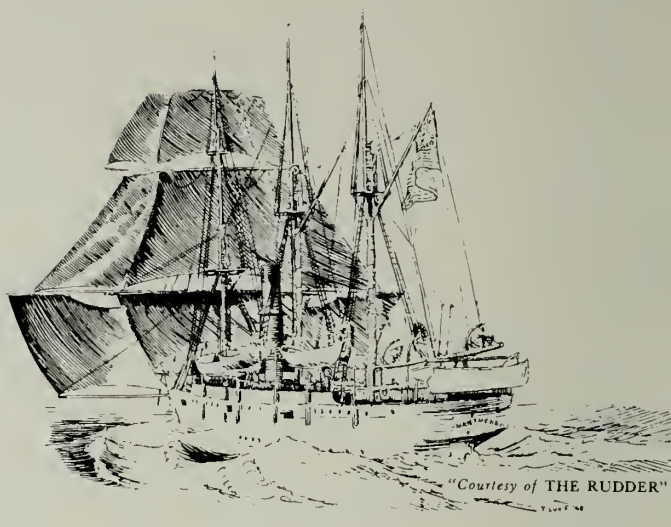
These things I know, and, knowing, I wish you smooth sailing and Godspeed.

Sincerely yours,

Julian D. Wilson

Julian D. Wilson
Rear Admiral, USN(Ret.)
Superintendent

CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMPSON, USMS
Executive Officer



COMMANDER JAMES M. MURRY, USNR
Chief Engineer

NAVIGATION & SEAMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

COMMANDER RICHARD T. ROUNDS, USNR
Head of Navigation Department

CAPTAIN LOUIS A. WOODLAND, USNR
Communications, Ships Construction

COMMANDER WILLIAM J. CONNERS, USNR
Rules of the Road, Seamanship

LCDR PAUL G. HIRST, USMS
Maritime Law, First Division

LIEUTENANT LUCIAN T. PAGE, USMS
Third Division

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

LCDR LEE F. HARRINGTON, USNR

LCDR ADMONT CLARK, USCGR

LIEUTENANT
CHARLES JAILLET, MMA

LIEUTENANT
THOMAS W. MINNOCK, MMA

LIEUTENANT
THOMAS F. DORSEY, USMS

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

COMMANDER
WILLIAM H. HEMMERLY, USNR
Electricity, Refrigeration

LCDR JAMES D. CROSBY, USNR
Steam Auxiliaries

LT. FRED H. G. WRIGHT, USNR
Boilers, Properties of Materials

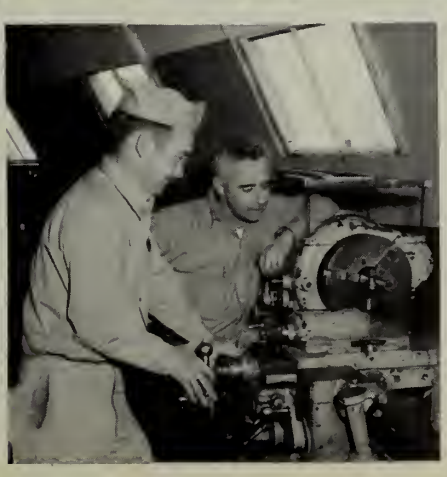
LIEUTENANT MARIO TONELLO, USMS
Machinery Division

STAFF

LIEUTENANT ALVIN ANTEEN
Supply Officer

LIEUTENANT JAMES F. BOYLE, MD
Ships Surgeon

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT



Presenting the Class of . . .

Company Commander
Honor Guard
Intermural Softball
Track Team
Ring Dance Committee
Plank Owner - Bay State
Yearbook Staff

KENNETH H. FISHER

Ken

15 ORANGE STREET

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

"**Good Morning, Captain.**" "Youngman that is not the **Captain**, that's **Mr. Fisher** the **Battalion Commander.**" Yes **Kenny** as our **Head Stripper** — I mean **Striper** — was a good one and did an equally fine job as the class detective. Take the case of the sail locker for example or who was missing from check muster. Well **Ken** in his three years became a friend to all and his studious attitude earned him the privilege and honor of mothering the troops through their last year. (Some will undoubtedly question it being a privilege and an honor). For the job well done let's hope you get an equal number of stripes in the USN.

S. I. Club
Supper Club
Propeller Club
Company Adj.
Spanish Club

BRUCE ANTHONY YORK

Rudy

3 ACUSHNET ROAD

MATTAPOISETT, MASSACHUSETTS

The **Picasso** of the **Piston**, the **Tolstoi** of the **Turbine**, the **Cervantes** of the **Cylinder**, need I go on? "Sarge", his nickname obviously derived, came dragging into the academy and has been burning up the engineering track ever since. He is undoubtedly one of the best snipes to go through the school and certainly was a valuable aid in getting the Bay State on its feet — I mean keel.

His engineering compedence earned him the highly competitive title of three striper and he soon realized people could not be made to run as smoothly as machinery. With this experience under his belt now, matters outside of engines should be much easier to over haul.

ENGINEERING WATCH ONE

Class Secretary
Class Barber
S. I. Club
Yearbook Staff
20-20 Club
Propeller Club
Cadet Lt. Watch I

WILBUR SHEPHERD

Old Man

VINEYARD HAVEN ROAD

EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

"The **Old Man** of the **Island**" — no connection with **Hemmingway** — came to the state yacht via "North Ears Airlines." After the release of a classmate, also with an appendage extrodinaire, **Shep** took over the 3rd class hair cutting trade. Soon he became chieftain of the famed **Barberous Shop** along with the position of Watch I leader. His willingness to work and compedence accounted for the rapid improvement on the Bay State and we are sure the Engineering Officers will back up the old adage: A dog is a man's best friend. Keep pointing **Shep** and you are bound to go all the way.

Doyen Dozen
Propeller Club
Newman Club
St. Thomas Touring Club
Staten Island Humane Society

RAYMOND D. AYERS

Shawmut

328 EAST STREET

HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Ask Ray he "Nose" everything, at least he used to before the Public Health Service confiscated one of his more useful appendages. As a young man this cherished piece of anatomy was often employed to hold up the classroom walls and it also proved unbelievably successful in the war game Torpedo.

Shawmut, the Hingham Indian, became one of the better engineering students during his three year stay and his congeniality, except toward the Hydrant, will long be remembered. Whether it be Navy or Merchant Marine let's hope you bury the hatchet deep in the tree of success.

Baseball 1, 2, 3
Supper Club
Golf Team 3
UCCL All Star Team 2
20-20 Club
Newman Club

LAWRENCE W. BUTLER

Butts

16 LANCASTER AVENUE

REVERE, MASSACHUSETTS

Butsie came aboard in the wake of his brother Frank, who had fortunately been in good standing with the class of 1956. **Larry** would have sailed through the year with ease if his affections towards a hometown lass had not kept his heart in other places than the Fwd. compartment. After leading his section scholastically the second semester **Butsie** decided to become a **Snipe.** He made this choice against his better judgment and his later regrets concerning the move proved, as usual, he was right and the multitude of helpful advisors wrong. His determination and integrity, which was shown in many courageous incidents enables us to proudly present this profile.

Basketball 1, 2, 3
Golf Team
Supper Club
Hole in One Club
Cadet Ensign Watch I

HERBERT DANIEL CASH

Danny

15 MURRY ROAD

HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

Danny and his wild west show pulled into the **Gulch** one bright August morn looking for the bogger circus. After nosing around and checking all the **Mals** he was unable to make up his mind so he agreed to stay for only three years. At first the riding was a little rough but soon **Dan** had the matters well in hand and settled down to the serious work of being a snipe. In this field he seemed to prosper and by doing everything the **Wright** way **Boiler Division** really produced. Let's hope his success here **Carries Over** into whatever stage of life he tries to give a whirl at. Just for luck we are throwing in a gross of horse shoes.

Football 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3
Prop. Club
Custodian Black Cat

CHARLES D. CHORLTON

Sam

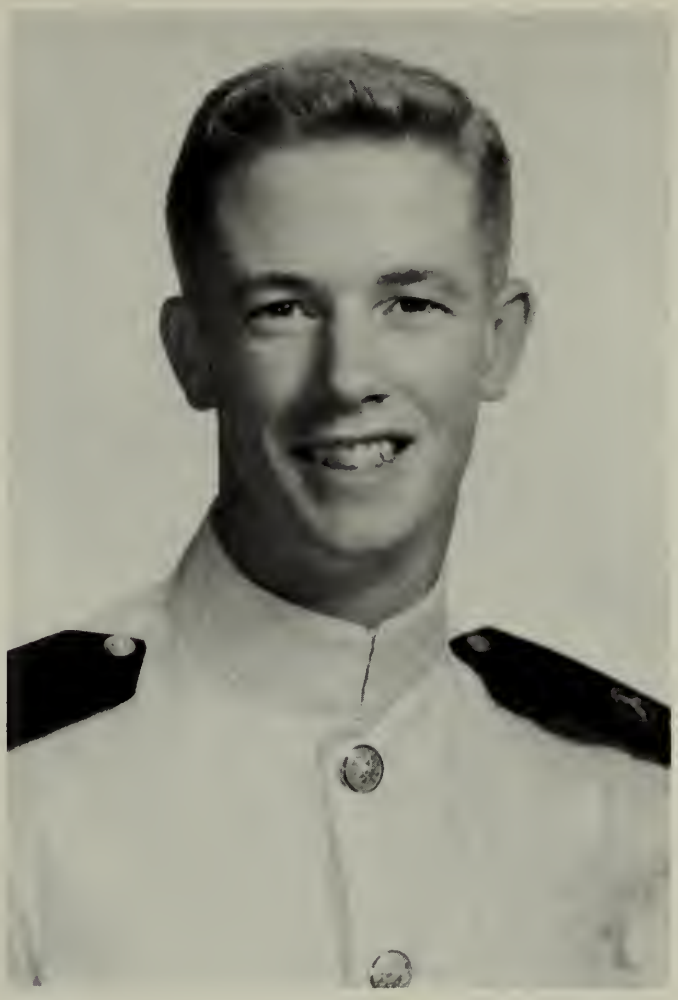
1235 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

SOMERSET, MASSACHUSETTS

Our own **Jack Armstrong** almost proved that "Purity is not obscurity", but after countless ribs and many revealed secrets **Cholly** finally squared away. The position, **Custodian of the Black Cat,** was also a great help in erasing the blushings of naiveness but all one had to do was mention the USMC laundry stencils to draw that crimson color again. (It's probably the red of rage now so beware.)

All kidding aside, for this **Chic Middie** with the MG, will long be remembered for his spit shine personality and we all wish the **Sportster of Sommerset a Bon Voyage — Eh? Eh?**

Pink Club
Yearbook Staff
Band
Golf Team
Propeller Club
S. I. Club



KARL LAMBERT MEYER

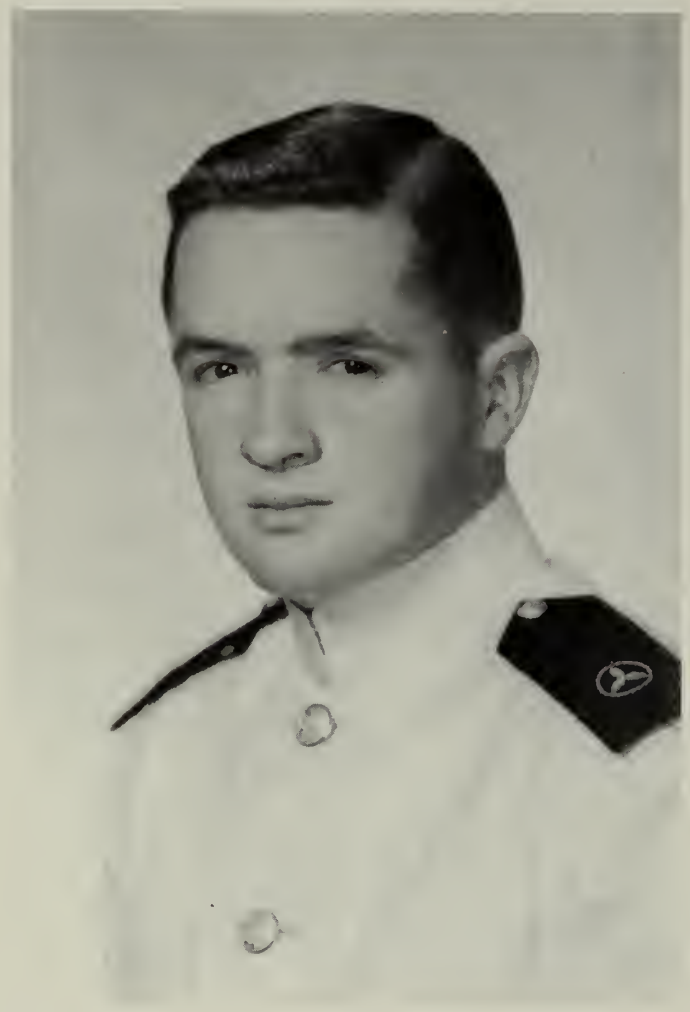
Karl

STATE ROAD

EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Karl was fortunate (?) enough to have the trail blazed by big brother **Larry.** The degree to which our own little **Meyer** impressed us was demonstrated quite visably one night in physics and also at Staten Island. Unfortunately his **Air Ejector** sprung a leak on the '57 Cruise and he failed to get those most important stripes.

Karl did provide us with a great deal of amusement by allowing his mail to be circulated — "**Oceans** and **Oceans** of love, with a kiss on every wave." Besides being so valuable to our class, **Karl** offered his popular services to a certain upper job, who had recently proved MMA had no use for segregation.



Basketball 2, 3
Baseball 2, 3
Ring Committee
S. I. Club
Propeller Club

PAUL M. RUEST

Stump

29 ARCADIA ROAD

SWANSEA, MASSACHUSETTS

Stump finding more interest in turbines than textiles reversed his polarity and entered MMA. Seeing his appearance was a year later than the rest of us, it looked as though the jealousy over such a deal would create a large resistance; but with the help of an **Electro-Magnetic Personality Paul** soon became one of the most well liked members of the class.

Despite retrogressing in the **Hanka-Classes**, our answer to Small Paul took no time in becoming an engineering giant. The **Bombs** he dropped from his **Ruest** often found their target and no doubt he will be equally successful in all his aims at life.

JOHN B. DUNNE

The Duke

253 LAFAYETTE STREET

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

BRUCE C. ANDREWS

Knute

4 CONANT ROAD

MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

For new endeavors they did leave
Our school of knowledge on the seas;
But with each year the Fates will weave
A cloak to clothe fond memories.

Yes, there are many memories of **John** and **Bruce**, even though they did not graduate with us. For over two years they played an important role in the successful establishment of our class. Without the aide of **Knute**'s athletic prowess upholding the Academy's sports throughout the New England small colleges or the **Cricket**'s personality binding the class together, it would have been difficult trying to overcome the many obstacles.

Good luck in whatever fields you follow and may this page be a satisfying indication of our sincere feelings.

FIRST DECK DIVISION

Honor Guard
Rowing Team
Plank Owner, Bay State
1st Bomber Squadron, N. Y.

ROGER D. ARSENAULT

Pierre

FAIRVIEW AVENUE

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Straight from the **Bainbridge Grinders** came **"Mighty Pierre"** to our sandy campus. Conscientiously working for better heights, **Roger** miraculously stayed awake through every class period our first school year. Most everyone thought **"Stump"** was going to get **"em"** but through some twist of fate he ended up lugging two stripes around the foc'sle with Paquito Pablo.

From **Baltimore** to **Boston** the chief skivvie raider's hearty laugh preserved our cheery environment. With the advent of the Bay State the atmosphere became ripe for future plans and **Roger's Bomber Squadron** went into action. Who else could convince a half-a-dozen classmates they were invited to supper on a Chinese tanker?

The frenchman was respected by all especially the youngies and should make out anywhere except Martha's Vineyard.

Bandmaster
Staten Island Humane Society
Yearbook Staff
Music Appreciation Club
Bogger Inc.

JOHN BRADLEY III

Omar

MAIN STREET

COTUIT, MASSACHUSETTS

Jack, a transplanted **Bogger** from Rhode Island, was the delight of the upper-jobs; especially after many adventures in the poison ivy patches on the Cape.

The lack of cash was no obstacle to this journeyman of jazz for who else could stay two weeks in N. Y. on four dollars or start a cruise with seven? No matter what his assets **Jack** would be sure to have box seats whenever or wherever a jazz band was playing.

Ohms broke all the sack records when for four days and four nights he slept at B. M. H. while specialists examined his nonmotivational mechanics — all kidding aside Jack you'll make a great mate and we'll be looking for you in **New Orleans.**

Drill Squad
Glee Club
Yearbook Staff
R. S. L.
Cadet Lt. (Retired)
Doyan Dozen
Honor Guard
Plank Owner, Bay State

CHARLES DAVID COLLIS

Arrogant

MONUMENT ROAD

BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS

As **Youngies** the laundry situation presented no problem to the **Arrogant One,** but as far as we can see it was the only advantage of being a **Bogger.** Nevertheless **Charlie** took everything in stride and considered himself a very special bogger — not like those lower cape phonies.

Despite a bit of arrogance, bitter **Charlie** managed to stay out of trouble and by making the most of his first two years he became **Third Division's** two-striper. "Let's have a purge! Those youngies are getting away with murder." This was his familiar cry as he saundered off to turn-to.

Following three years behind his brother, **Charlie** is heading for the sea. Good luck and don't forget to wind the chronometers.

Honor Guard
Plank Owner, Bay State
S. J. A. Vice Pres.
Swimming Team Co-Capt.

ROBERT I. DONNELLAN

Louie

197 KING STREET

FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

There was a fair breeze blowing as **Bogger Bob** tacked across the Cape Cod Canal to join our roguish ranks. Playing it cool the first two years **Louis** got by **Spanish** and trigonometry, then pointing his head **"Full 'N by"** he overtook us all to become the saltiest **"below the bridger"** to ever treach a foot rope. His excellence in seamanship earned him a berth on the **Doyen's** first cruise.

Whenever small craft warnings were up, Bob could be seen sailing out of the Falmouth Harbor with his boat full of passengers from Sagamore Beach. **Louis** went **"honkin"** once too often and got himself a ticket on route 28, but he left the country just in time and his right foot is still made of lead.

Good luck **Bob** and it'll be a shame if you do not marry the sea.

Newman Club
20-20 Club
Swimming Team
Pres. T. C. S.

ROBERT L. KNIGHT

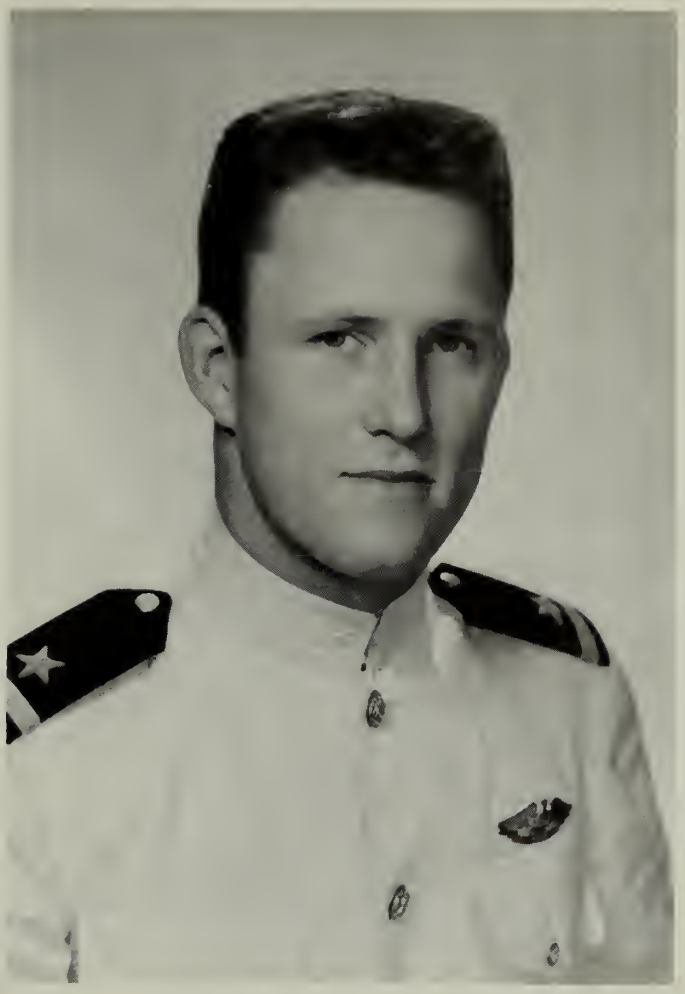
39 REGATTA ROAD

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Bob came to us from Weymouth by the sea. Aspiring to be an engineer he became second in command of the inboard starboard aisle with his leader, **Henry. Bob** will be remembered for his diversified pranks and happy-go-lucky antics. (Finding the **Charleston**'s decks perfect for playing commandos until one night he was taken prisoner and escorted below).

After his engineering career folded **Bob** directed his attention to the deck subjects, such as shinnying up masts, and swinging from yardarm to yardarm. Courses in flashing light also came in handy around the **Great Hill area.** No matter where the fates will lead him, a turn of the card or the roll of dice will always bring a winner.

Football 1, 2, 3
Track Team
0820 Club
Supper Club
M. W. A. Club
Gorge



RONALD MASON

Mace

53 GALE ROAD

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Anybody seen my barbells? **Mace** came to us with his **Weighty Weymouth Ways** and hoped to establish a new **Health Center.** With the acquiring of the new ship, **Ron** wasted no time in getting things organized and the help he received was overpowering. (Well for most of us it would have been). Soon the cans of protein food became more numerous and beach muscles filled oversized khakis. Yes the **Mason Men** were certainly good models for **Al.**

Outside of interest in sports, **Mace** assumed the task of gaining a **Mate**'s ticket and did a fine job developing along these lines too. His fine record here will no doubt clean and jerk him to great success in years to come.

Football 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1, 2
Rowing Team
M. W. A. Club
0820 Club

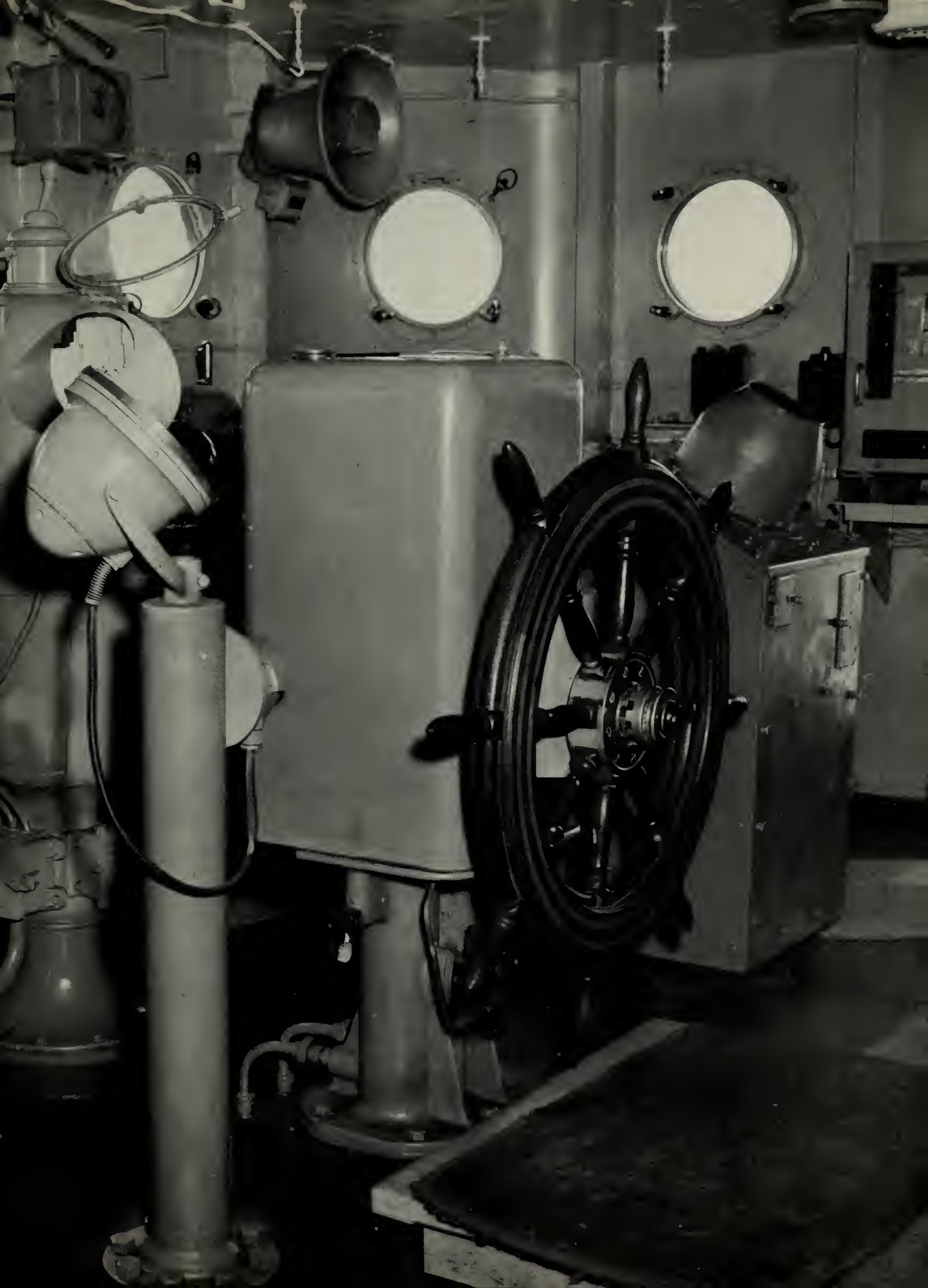
DONALD L. SINCLAIR

Moose

10 QUINN STREET

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

With a loud roaring blast out of the Attleboro woods came **Moose.** With head lowered and antlers set he charged the fawn-like academy too become one of its proud members. After a year of cutie **Jorden** the **Moose** finally took off on his own. Like the many others, engineering could not be had so with all the gusto of a true **Deckie** he joined **Mike** and the boys. With sextant in hand and a marlin spike in the other he set out to show his seamanship ability and **"blow me down,"** yelled the **Whale** when **Moose** became one of the better deck apes. His work here shows he can do it so good luck to a great shipmate.



OPEN

ENGINEERING WATCH TWO

Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Cadet Lt.

ROBERT FRIMODIG

Frimo

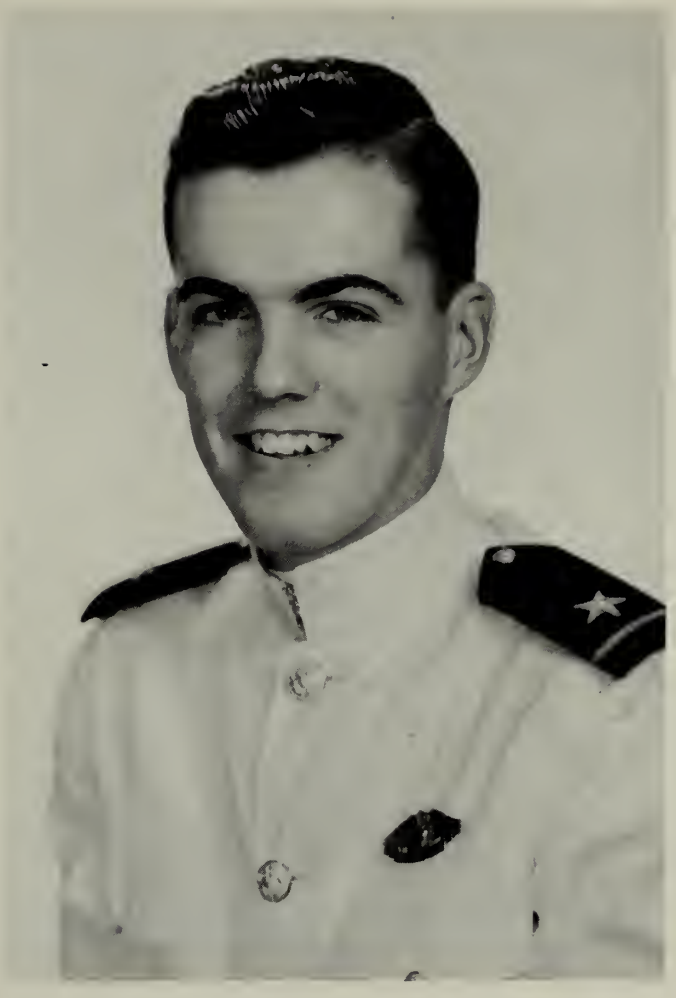
WEST MAIN STREET

HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

The bogger with the **Persperation Personality** came to **Cape Carnival** one August morn and stayed on the merry-go-round for three thrilling years. Despite his mad hatter like actions **Frimo** managed to become one of our most industrious engineers and with this to his credit he was deservingly awarded the position, **Squadron Leader** of the **Flying Turbines.**

Regardless of his **Lust** for **Leave, Frimo** never made a bow line exit, although the scoffs of his classmates often reddened his sparsely populated scalp. This example of firm resolution coupled with a burning desire for knowledge has brought and will continue to bring success to this **Smiling Bogger Batchelor.**

Baseball 1, 2, 3
S. I. Club
Century Club
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign Watch I
Manager Fantail Theatre



GEORGE EDWARD CULL

71 BATES STREET

NORTH ABINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Brruppt — Let **George** do it — **George,** our sea-going interior decorator, turned his stateroom into a floating palace and then with the vigor of a **"youngie"** successfully tackled the **Rec.** deck. This **Abington Academician,** when not bounding about, would devote his energy to holding up a Mass. — **Florida Bridge** of **Amour.** Unfortunately when the **Florida** end came north **George's** speed in getting his message across was not enough and everything collapsed except our lover's lungs.

His **Angus**-like persistence was a valuable aid to us and as a result of the 2nd job **Cullering Classes** the bare Bay State bulkheads received many needed coats of paint. **Adieu Georgey** and let's hope you don't bite off more than you can chew.

Glee Club
Drill Team
Swimming Team
Track Team
Port Aisle PA
Staten Island Humane Society

ROBERT L. GOODWIN

Sid

5 ENNIS ROAD

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

"Goodiano," President of the **Press, Sulton** of the **Soap, Duke** of the **Drier** entered MMA with (really trully Bigg idea-ers.) The **Nube** took command of the laundry with the same know how he had for handling the opposite sex. After two years he finally had mastered the washing end — nothing need be said of his advancement in the field of armour after the Houston, Staten Island, and Corpus Christi catastrophies.

Despite this well lubricated **Middie's** quick thinking and amazing oracle ability his battles with a spouting whale never resulted in **"Gooda-Wins."** Seeing it's **Navy Bob,** good luck and if you ever have to punish your men just fix them up.

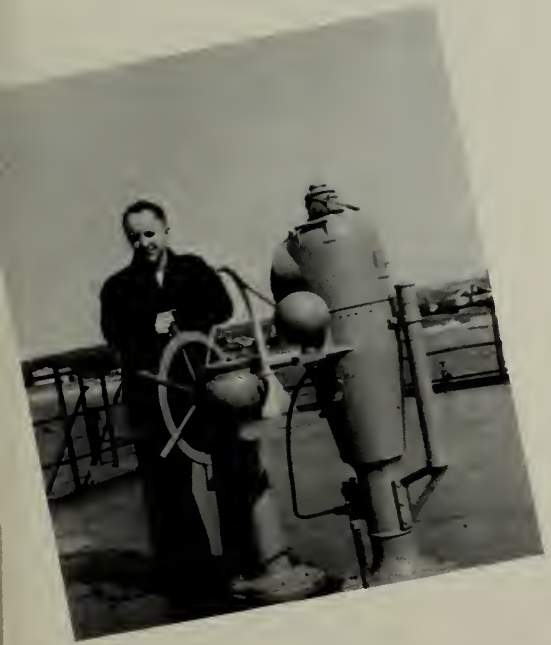
Class Treasurer
Propeller Club
Glee Club

CHESTER F. KEANE

Basher

32 MAXFIELD STREET

WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS



Chester's aversion to any nicknames except those little gems of originality **Chet** and **Chetsie**, along with his refusal to be dug at in the glorious pages of this antic annual, gave the prospect of writing his profile a nightmarish quality. But after weeks of conferences and many sleepless nights we wriggled out of the predicament in time honored fashion.

Books could be written on our answer to **Porifirio Rubirosa** and his '57 cruise, but fortunately the time, space, and **Chester's** permission could never be obtained. If this beloved plugger manages to stay out of the hands of rival renegades he of the shining dome will have the long and happy life which he most certainly deserves.

Vice Pres. Class
Secretary Newman Club
Propeller Club

WILLIAM JOHN McDONOUGH

Mac

110 ALBAN STREET

DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

After putting four years in the **Anchors Aweigh Outfit, Mac** decided to spend his leisure time on **Old Cape Cod.** What started out to be a vacation resulted in a vocation; thus, three more years sapped from his adventurous, seafaring life. **Mac** took little time in establishing himself; but unfortunately his previous training, as one of **Uncle Sam's Closest Accountants,** was **"out-ranked"** by the state's capable **Supply Officer.** Despite this, **Mac** went conscientiously right ahead and in a short time became recognized as one of the more hard working and sincere engineers. His firmly founded principles and quick **Irish** temper occasionally slowed him down, but as a result of his mature outlook on life he will always be good for a winner.

Football 1, 2, 3
Rowing Team
Ring Committee
Barbados Pottery Association
Sinister Six

RONALD G. SALLEY

Whale

20 DEWEY AVENUE

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

"Well blow me down! Messenger! Messenger! What is that coming toward the CHN?" "It's a whale sir . . . " Sure enough, out of the depths of **Atlantis** or was it **Attleboro?,** came the **Maritime's Massive Middie. Ron,** following in the wake of his brother, floated right through his three years, and as a result of an occasional dive into the books, he achieved an engineering record comparable to the best of them.

In order to complete the picture or profile for such a large frame, we should include some of **Ron's** other **Sal-ient** features. His fun-loving nature, especially on liberty with the **"Sinister Six,"** along with his desires to get **Goodiano** all worked up have placed him high on our **Personality Parade.** Good luck **Ron** and keep floating up on top.

SECOND DECK DIVISION

Football 1, 2, 3
Basketball Manager 1, 2, 3
Rowing Team
Onset Crusader
Sons of Italy

MICHAEL P. POLLETTA

Black Bart

16 BEACON STREET

AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Mike, or as he prefers, **Black Bart,** came to us via the **Merrimac River command** and a group called **Uncle Sam's** white hats. Throughout the youngie year his wild tales roared into the ears of classmates until finally he got bored and most of all they got bored. "When I was in the navy we used to do it this way — or — Boy wouldn't I like to be back in old San Juan — come let me tell you about it." No one could tell **Mike** though, but finally he met his match when trying to skipper a small motor boat off the tricky waters of Salsbury beach. Did your **G** get above **M?** Well **Mike,** your persistent way will undoubtedly bring you that **Jaguar** and **Master's** ticket and let's hope you don't get too close to the breakers off **Madagasca.**

S. P. Q. Vice Pres.
Horizontal Club
Supper Club
Intramural Softball
Staten Island Humane Society

JOHN PATRICK CALLAHAN

Cal

74 WESTERN AVENUE

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

"Hey there's a great movie on TV tonight" — these immortal words were often heard flowing from the lips of the one and only **T V Calavision.** Many nights throughout his glorious three years **Jack** could be seen peering from behind stanchions, mess-deck tables, or any other object that would conceal his presence from the upper-jobs or some wandering **O. D.** However during his off hours **Jack** used his soap opera knowledge giving advice to his love sick cousin **Moon-Man** or else travel with the **Shadow.**

Well **Jack** be good and don't forget to miss those afternoon **Calanaps.**

Gorge
S. J. A. Pres.
Polar Bear Club
Vice Pres. S. P. Q.
Swimming Team Co-Capt.
Sons of Italy

MICHAEL CAPELOTTI

Shadow

62 NORTH WARREN AVENUE

BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Sw-w-wish and there appeared on the quarter-deck, with port hole and fire axe in hand, **Mike** alias the **"Shadow."** For two years he was the quiet reserved type and as everyone knows build up quite a reserve of new ghost tricks to be used later as the class phantom. **Mike** became so proficient in his trade he couldn't be located for a whole weekend. Unfortunately one night he forgot to put on his sneak-boots and got caught going up forward for a drink of water (?).

Good luck to a swell shipmate and smooth sailing as third mate on the **Flying Dutchman** on the **New Jersey** run.

Sinister Club
T. C. S. Club
Barbados Pottery Assn.
Ring Dance Committee
Supper Club
S. I. H. S.

JOHN W. DALTON

Turtle

139 BLUE HILL AVENUE

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The **Turtle** brought his odd shape down from the **Blue Hills** and upon viewing the situation quickly withdrew his body. After things got moving our **Mal-like Middie** poked his head and legs out from under the shell and with **Moose** and **Mac** at his side nary a stone was left unturned. The hare-like speed in which he grasped the deck subjects placed him high in the class and showed the engineers a big mistake was made in not getting him. Like **Hank, Herby** and the rest of the **Blue Hills Bunch, John** is going navy to inject some original mal-ism into the saintly salts. Good luck.

Honor Guard
Plank Owner
R. S. L. Pres.
B. B. to Brockton Club
Cadet Ensign (Retired)

E. ALLEN DILL

Ballsie

35 NORFOLK STREET

WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Look in the bunk! Is it **Have Car, Simpson?** No it's **Top Sheet** alias **Al, President** of the **Horizontal Club** and by far the most cozy of all **Dickie's Deckies.** Of course no one will ever forget him and his friend in N. Y. when they pulled the cozy of the year.

They say **Al** taught the **Shadow** all he knew while spending his weekends in **Brockton,** but the boys all thought different and since all good things come to an end so did this infamous riding companion of **Have Car** when a certain **She** caught his. Good luck to a swell shipmate and a fine friend.

Old Guard Watch Four
Glee Club Director
Business Mgr. Yearbook
Honor Guard
Tight Rope S. T. A.
M. A. A.

JOHN D. DOWD

Rowdy

40 FAIRMOUNT STREET

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Back home they call me Rowdy" and **Loud Dowd** had started his career as a conversationalist. It wasn't long before **"Seagull"** became famous for the weighty quantity of chow he could put away and was even accused of devouring one of his classmates. When the Bay State returned from N. Y. **Jack** could always be seen with his fingers in the batter of a giant cake or a bubbling caldron of fudge.

A businessman at heart, **Gull** converted his salesmanship from **Jerry's** to the **Muster Advertising Staff** and if his ad campaign is any indication of a successful future he is sure to have it as a main course throughout his life.

Football 1, 2, 3
Baseball 1, 2
Glee Club
Horizontal Club

RICHARD A. FLYNN

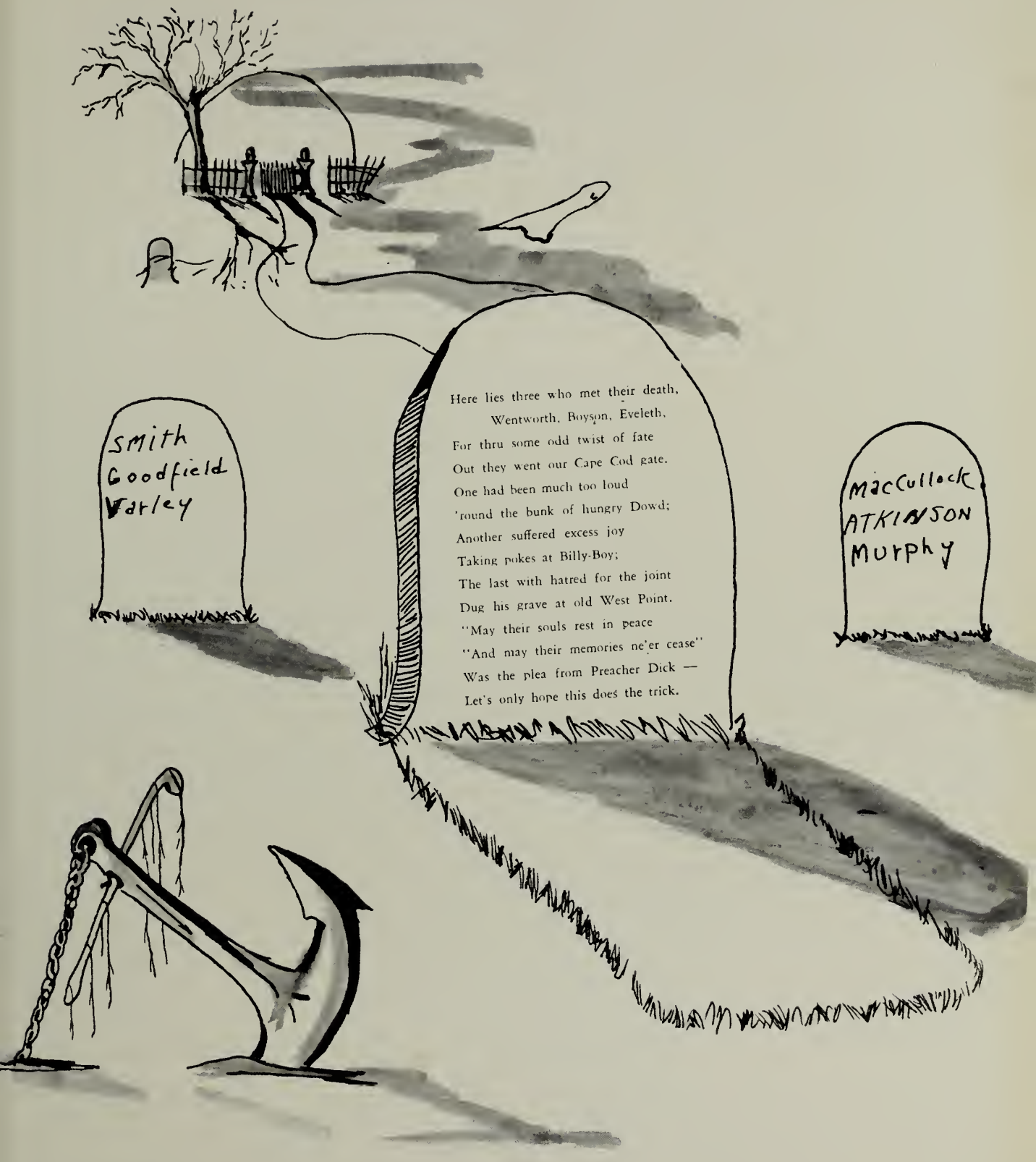
Bug

488 MORTON STREET

MATTAPAN, MASSACHUSETTS

Having an older brother in the upper-job class was no asset to our **"Little Bug."** Many hours of sleep were lost as **Richie** traced out lines on the **Charleston,** not to mention the hours of pure bilge maintenance.

Football was **Rich's** main interest however **Algebra** and **Trig** were close behind. (Perhaps he can still write pages 15 and 16 from memory.) At the commencement of our second year, **Bug's** dreams of being an engineer were shattered. He contemplated resigning but then decided to at least take a look at the **Rules** of the **Road.** Dorchester has never seen a better seaman or coxswain. No kidding **Rich** you did have the right of away in **Havanna Harbor.**


Here lies three who met their death,
Wentworth, Boyson, Eveleth,
For thru some odd twist of fate
Out they went our Cape Cod gate.
One had been much too loud
'round the bunk of hungry Dowd;
Another suffered excess joy
Taking pokes at Billy-Boy;
The last with hatred for the joint
Dug his grave at old West Point.
"May their souls rest in peace
"And may their memories ne'er cease"
Was the plea from Preacher Dick —
Let's only hope this does the trick.
Smith
Goodfield
Varley
MacCullock
ATKINSON
Murphy

ENGINEERING WATCH THREE

Baseball 1, 2, 3
Captain 3
Editor Yearbook
Basketball 1
Staten Island Humane Society
20-20 Club

CHARLES LUDWIG FIELDS

El Campos

2 SQUAM HILL ROAD

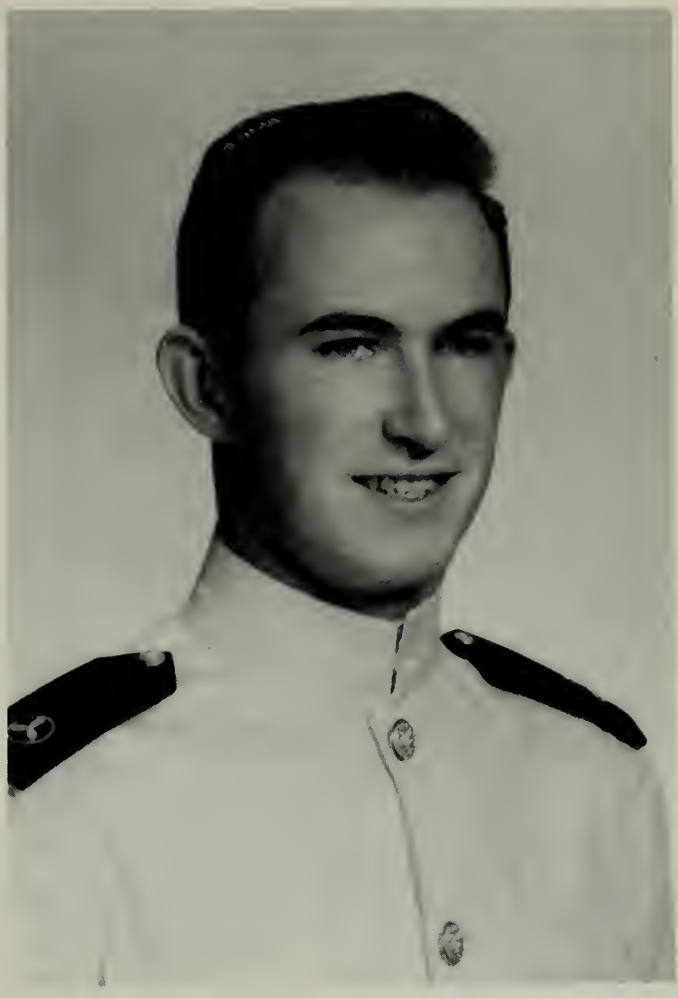
ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

El Campos up from **Joe College Land,** greeted M. M. A. with a big handshake and a hearty smile only to find things a little different than his previous habitat. After a quick tour around the campus, seeing which door led where etc., **Charlie** started **on the Road** adjusting to his new environment.

In no time at all the three year fate was accepted and he proceeded to ride the horse **Conquest** all over the academic and athletic plains. As a first job, between **Keats** and **Kings** or **Hank** and **Huxley, El Campos** kept an unusually busy schedule — after two years of stalling — and managed to put out the **Yearbook** on time.

Whether it be **Merch or Navy** for our **Rhyming Mariner** we know he'll do good in all **Fields** — even **Shrimping.**

Class President
Basketball
Pres. Newman Club



PAUL D. HARRINGTON

Hop

35 WINTER ISLAND ROAD

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

One dark August night **Uncle Joe** was seen placing a box on the quarter deck and then scurrying off in the **Wind Drift.** To everyone's surprise the box contained another **Harrington.** This door step, I should say quarter deck, waif soon became well known and took over the reins as **Class Prexy.** Apparently **Uncle Joe** did not know what he was leaving, for as a result of **Paul's** silver tongue and diplomatic nature many a **Middie** has prospered.

What ever profession **Paul** enters we all know his smarts, which were suppressed by the system, will bring him great success.

Doyen Dozen
Horizontal Club
Vice Pres. Glee Club
Harmony Club
Staten Island Humane Society
Watch III Old Guard

ARTHUR M. MORISON

Mori-Bear

18 SHEAFE STREET

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

"All the worlds a stage and all the men merely **Middies,**" quoth the **Merry-Making Mori-Bear.**

Mo joined friend **JJ** one torrid Tuesday in August and by the time night had arrived he realized the horrible hoax his friend had pulled off. Being a good sport and a person that appreciates high humor, he quickly made the adjustment and got through the three year joke in better spirits than his more conscientious classmates. Although only a tint of his talent was employed while playing the **Middie** role, **Mo's** potential will soon come forth and lead him to the limelight of life.

Baseball 1, 2, 3
Doyen Dozen
Basketball 1
S. I. Club
Cadet Ensign

ROBERT J. O'CONNELL

Oakie

116 FLORENCE STREET

BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Our of the playing fields and gyms of Brockton, with a text book in one hand and a bat in the other, sauntered **Ozark Oke.** After spending several years around the local circuit he finally got his break with the big time by signing up with the **Mariners.** Although it was only a three year contract with no bonus involved, **Okie** played his heart out and always took two and hit to right. His record while up with the **Mariners** was one to be proud of, and if this **Brockton Heavyweight** (no connection with **Rocky**) hits away at his ambitions with the same strong level swing he used on the books, his average in life is bound to be well over the .300 mark.

St. Thomas Touring Club
Staten Island Humane Society
Yearbook Staff
Watch III Old Guard

WINSOR T. SAVERY

Sava

11 WINSLOW STREET

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Descendant of a **Mayflower Middie? Chip** off the **Old Rock?** Plymouth's assurance for posterity? No-one knows, for he could never be found to question. **Winsor T.,** better known as **Sava-(Plus** any convenient affix) spent his most formative three years hidden among the literature of the ages and an occasional engineering test. His seclusion often brought about many humorous comments, but everyone understood he was only working on another **Sava-Theory** and could not stand the **Mire** of **Middiedom** or any **Task** that went with it to interfere. **Winsor Shrugged,** as the result of a fruitless first year, under the heavy thumb of a certain massive middie, but on discovering new and interesting fields he quickly regained his strength. Undoubtedly he is **On** the **Road** to what will be his **Fountainhead** and if he lives up to the expectations of those that **Know,** all of Plymouth's history will be lost in the **Sava-Shadow.**

St. Thomas Touring Club
Staten Island Humane Society
Watch III Old Guard
Track Manager
Football 1

DAVID JAMES SHANNON

Hydrant

19 BURDITT AVENUE

HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Dave, the little bit of heaven that fell from out the sky one day, was the first to join the **Century Club,** but as a result of the '58 cruise this exalted honor became to mean almost nothing. The combination of a quick red temper, obliging yellow Ford, and a zest for gold stripes almost painted a sorry picture for our hydrant friend, but after a short cooling off period he bounced right back to become the hardest worker watch III ever had. Occasionally his patriotism over flowed on liberty, but the luck of the **Irish** finally gave out when a certain piece of green and white canvas disappeared. (He should have checked the **Son's of Italy's Rag Dept.**) Seeing **Red's** love for the sea is as strong as his other feelings the ship of success will undoubtedly seek him out for skipper.

20-20 Club
St. Thomas Touring Club
Staten Island Humane Society
Propeller Club

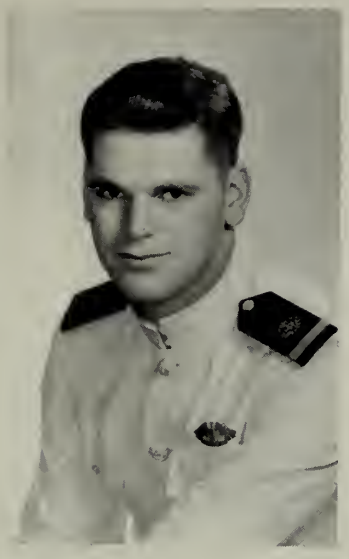
FRANCIS B. WASHBURN

859 UNION STREET

ROCKLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

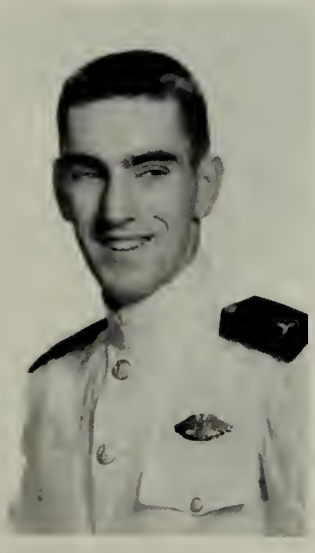
Fran, Fred, Franny or what have you, came to us just as sweet as those famous **Washburn Candies.** Apparently the **Bronze Baby Doll** was marked fragile for everytime a leave period came around he would spend his duty under the doctor's care — or was it the secretary's? After going through eight auto accidents, one of which while touring the beautiful isle of St. Thomas, it is a wonder his pedestal-like piece of anatomy is still intact. Well despite all the necking **Fran** has done, he managed to devote some time to the academy; in fact the extreme attention shown toward **Lofty Lopas** almost resulted in two stripes.

Seeing it is a one way train ticket to — the Navy, best of luck.

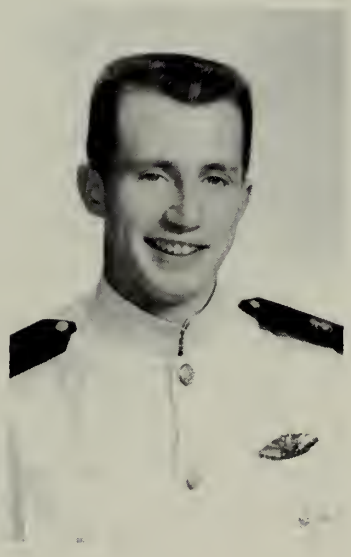


ROBERT STICKNEY

ALLAN HANSON



WILLIAM REID



RUSSELL MANNING

THIRD DECK DIVISION

Yearbook Staff
Librarian
S. J. A.
Swimming Team
Plank Owner, Bay State

JOHN B. STETSON

Zeke

40 GLEN AVENUE

BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Zeke, one of the most capable members of the **Anchorage**, jumped from one stripe to two as the result of a companion's **Colussal** fubar. Under the tutelege of Mr. Page this **Chloride Cadet** decorated our rear end with the finesse of a **French Fashion Designer**; in fact his bustling about back there caused things to really boom. Yes, **Zeke** was quite the humper and I think we'll all agree on the fine job he did guarding the **Mechanical Pig**, a certain officer's **Pride** and **Joy.** After scraping the salt off his three year achievement report, we find it to predict many seasons of success ahead. Don't make them too spicey **Old Yank.**

Supper Club
Football 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3
Rowing Team
Supper Club
Sinister Six

GERALD J. McCORMICK

Mac

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Gerry (What size hat does he wear?) came to us via USN tradition and in no time took such an interest in his **Middie** life, a new company was started. With Sully as 1st Lt., the **Onset Raiders** spread fame and glory throughout **Buzzard's Gulch** and thanks to **Mac's** calm temper harm came to nobody.

With a touch of the old south in him, **Gerry,** mint-julip-like, sipped through the deck course and became one of the more proficient hurlers of the heaving line. He also became quite good heaving around the basketball court and football field. Seeing it's back to USN, **Gerry,** this time not family wise, good luck and smooth sailing.

Basketball 1, 2
Ship to Shore Swimming Team
Society for Prevention of
Fog Bound Vessels

JAMES O'NEIL

Jim

MAIN STREET

HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

"Listen, isn't that a fog signal?" Yes they actually heard fog signals the day this bouncing bogger step onto the **Chun.** Finding things a little different than his brother (Jim being a deckman) the three year ordeal became nothing more than a typical **Upper Cape** calamity. Soon the situation got well in hand and **Jim** became one of the famous **Bag-men.** Now he could legitimately act like an ape. There sifted up from below the canal reports concerning **Jim's** sailing ability, especially the clever manuevering with a certain **Commander's** boat. Of course any such report about this **Hyannis Hero** must have been shear nonsense. Whether it was true or not, we all know the fog will soon lift and display a successful future.

Gorge
Plank Owner, Bay State
Sons of Italy
Onset Crusader

MANUAL V. PERROTTI

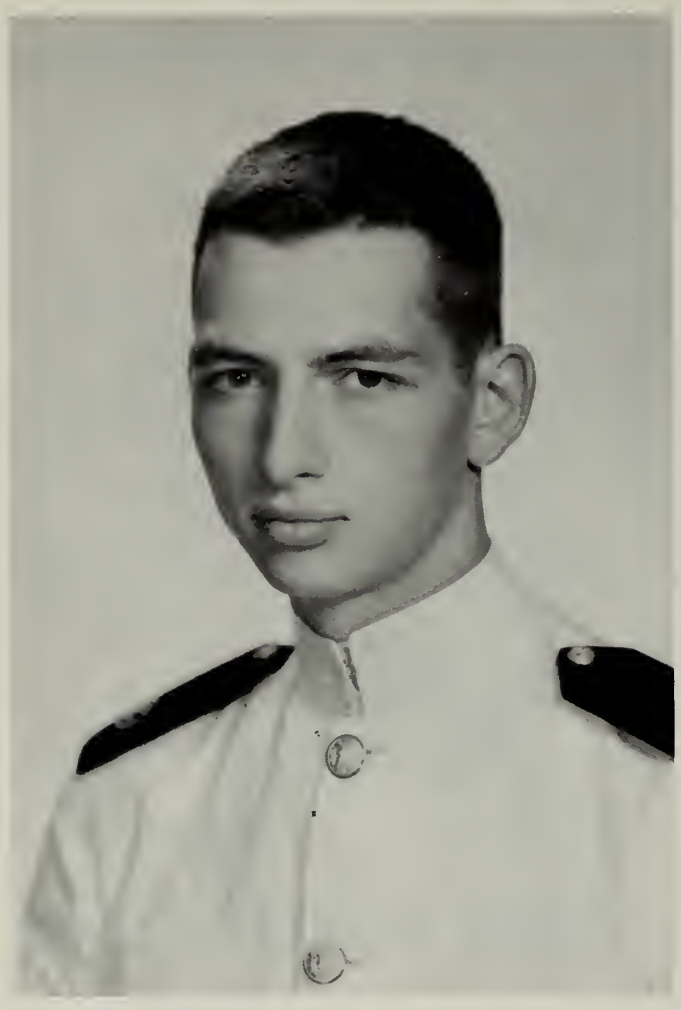
Manny

37 ASPINWALL ROAD

DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Manny, one of the few socialites from Dorchester having the gift to ignite a conversation with any young damsel that took his fancy, became the class authority on **Roman** culture and the **Eastern Religions**. One of his discourses really ignited when the **"Put Put"** came along and our **Boot-Man** (Italy's that is) was quickly run hard aground.

As a youngie he went about comparitively unnoticed but he took no time in blossoming out into one of the better **Deckmen. Hey — hey — hey — Hey!!!** Do you all agree? Your hard working ways will help keep up the good name of the **Onset Crusaders** even down around **Cape Town.**



Propeller Club
Drill Squad
Plank Owner, Bay State
Glee Club

NICHOLAS A. PETIT

Nick

133 BEDFORD STREET

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Nick, the energetic student having something none of us will ever possess, hailed in from the old whaling town of **New Bedford** to become one of the better deck apes.

Because of his serenety we almost forgot **Ungatah's Indian** deriviation and the fine job he did as **Chieftain** of the **Black Foots.** Among his other accomplishments was his ability to hold the road with his economical **Chevy** and to become the first dangerous **Middie** to hit Puerto Rico. After his excellent bookkeeping job in New York this **Maritime Mid**as should also be the first grad to hit the million mark. Take care **Nick** and stay away from those conniving **Capetowners** who hear you want to ship their way.

Football
Track
Supper Club
Gorge
Chairman Ring Dance
Yearbook Staff

ALBERT SCHOFIELD

Buzzy

1722 COMMERCIAL STREET

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Weymouth's goodwill ambassador came to MMA expecting to find long shaded paths filled with pretty **Co-eds** but on finding things a **little** different decided to play the game and stay anyway. **Buzz** kept our **Football First Committee** alive and almost joined the **Bourne** selectmen to achieve his aims in promoting MMA. Whether it be a date or a dance needed organizing, a call on the **Organization Man** himself would get the ball rolling. Though he still has fond dreams of that **Co-ed** clustered campus his love for those gold stripes is stronger. Good luck and how about trying to organize a **Pentagon Party.**

NO. 1 MAIN CONDENS
NO. 3 MAIN FEED PU
NO. 5
NO. 7
NO. 9
TYPE 115 VOLTS A.C. 60

ENGINEERING WATCH FOUR

Yearbook Staff
S. I. Club
20-20 Club
Supper Club
Propeller Club

DONALD M. FOSS

Lobster

4 MEADOW LANE

MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Don went out one August morn to set some lobster traps. Suddenly a squall came up and when the blackness and blinding rains had ceased he found himself high and dry on the shores of MMA. Mr. H. realizing the plight of this potential math student immediately put in a salvage claim, that resulted in benefits to both the class and instructor.

Although pulling burners was not like pulling pots **Don** successfully managed to do what everyone else was doing during his three years of dereliction. His ambition being fulfilled here now leaves a clear path for his big one in life of driving a **Cadillac** through town.

Basketball 1, 2, 3
Baseball Mgr. 1, 2
Watch Four Old Guard
Staten Island Humane Society
Yearbook Staff

WILLIAM R. ATKINSON

Atky

OAK STREET

WAREHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Nana", **Miss Marine Engineer** of 1958, leaves behind a volume of statements on the chosen profession that may never be equalled for originality or deepness of thought. His gems of wisdom would often unlease discussions that rocked the **Engineering Dept.** from top to bottom. Come to think of it who can ever forget this controversy: — **Captain Woodland:** "How is displacement found?" **Bill:** "Weigh the ship."

Bill's popularity and inevitable success in life will undoubtedly be attributed to his friendly nature and high regard for others.

Basketball 1, 2, 3
Captain 2, 3
Propeller Club President
Glee Club
Rowing Team
Sinister Six
Barbados Pottery Association

JOSEPH FRANCIS BRADLEY

Joe

3 SPAULDING STREET

DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

For Boston, For Boston —— Jolly Joe, the **Rah Rah Middie,** meandered down from **Boston's Bedroom City** to rouse some of the salty spirits lurking about. According to the **Academy's Medicine Man, Joe's** hearty laugh (I should say squeal) and all round humorous nature was just what the **"One-Weekenders"** needed to safely, sanely, and successfully survive that first frantic year. Along with a pleasing personality he brought a proficiency for engineering which can be partially attributed to his time spent at the **Maritime's** prep school, **Northeastern University.** As a member of the **"Sinister Six" Joe** got involved in a pottery scandal, but like all **Middie** mishaps everything was quickly patched up. Regardless where you go, good luck; but for the sake of island harmony stay clear of **Barbadoes.**

Football 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1
Rowing Team 1, 2, 3
Glee Club 1, 2, 3
Pres. Z. O. O. B. Alley
Supper Club

BOWDOIN BRADLEE CROWNINSHIELD

Bodiddley

57 ORNE STREET

MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Marblehead, the so-called birthplace of the **American Navy** will soon be dropping this proud title to claim one prouder — **Home of Bodiddly. BB.**'s casualness, humor, and all round friendliness will long be remembered and this writer doubts if MMA or, for that matter, if Marblehead, will ever be fortunate enough to house anyone of comparison.

His ingenius genius which, for example, was proven when he finished a math exam in record breaking time, plus his aforementioned traits, all equal our most well liked **Middie. Good Luck Bowd;** although, if I know you, luck will not be needed.

Football 1, 2, 3
Track 1, 2
Rowing Team 1, 2, 3
Band 1, 2
Glee Club 1, 2
Ring Dance Committee
Bridgetown, Barbados Pottery Assn.

GEORGE W. CROWNINSHIELD

Geo

57 ORNE STREET

MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Geo, the non seasick half of the **Crowninshield** contribution, stepped onto the **Chun** amazed to find nobody wearing **Bermuda** shorts or sneakers. Where's the tiller? Where's the jib I've been tricked he hopelessly cried. Wait till I get my hands on that **Reggie! Geo** soon realized his fate and quickly adapted to the new form of sailing; in fact he got so adapted he ended up down below (Female-wise and school-wise).

Through his conscientiousness and continual efforts, **George** became one of the better down belowers or **Snipes** for clarification and his record here is undoubtedly only a sample of what is to come.

Football Manager 3
Glee Club
2115 Club
Track Team
Supper Club
Trinidad Alligator Association

DANIEL J. SULLIVAN

Sully

69 PITCHER AVENUE

WEST MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Sully, Medford's surprise gift to the Academy, was often heard but seldom seen. The red **Plymouth,** with him at the helm, could be seen at all hours of the night flashing down the road. Many times he was mistaken for the **Bourne Fire Chief,** but at the stop signs one could see it was only our **Sull** off on another safari into the **Bogger** wasteland. One of these charioteering capers almost ended up in adios for him, but apparently the coincidence in names with one of the prosecuting parties saved his scalp. The **Parker House** and **Medford** blasts, helped to make our three year stay much more enjoyable, so along with a good luck, goes our sincere thanks.

Second Class Deck

Second Class Engineers

Third Class Group A

Third Class Group B

We the Class of 1958, in the most sincere respect, devote this page of our Year Book in memory of:

JOHN FRANCIS FITZGERALD

and

SIDNEY BRADFORD SANFORD

Early Call
"The Mid"

Got it Virginia!

Bow line

Happy Thursday
Volunteer

Outta your Bunk, Which Valve Ahbus? Psssst
Don't sweat it.
Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge
The Pier, Lu-Bag
Jungle Jim
Tattoo Hammerin Hank, GRUBCLUB
The Blue Flame
Ohmo-ho
The Port Aisle, City
Hall, Field Day, Turn-to
See me after chec'k
Your Down, Seagull Commander
The Bilge
Wickaner
Pea Coat Locker
Second Job, The Anchorage,
Have Car will Travel
Johnny Fitz
Mine is not The Reason Why.....

Formation
Bobby Jogby, Test
Thousand
Moosscook
Where This, Grubby Al, Now
Time, First call, Tommy's satisfary details, W.
The Now
Do me Now
Now when we were fo
THE

DOYEN DOZEN

POPTON PLACE, JOA THE GORGE
Deals Deals
the Bums
Horizontal club
But, But, But I'm
SID
on THE BINICIG Century
But sir I
Buzzards Bay
Club, Vitman, NAVAGATORS
Poo, Hop, Taickie Dic
SMALL CONCENTRIC CIRCLES

"TOBAH"
MID SHIPS HATCH

MOTHER, Mess cook, for Pilate, Be honorable
Hear's a little cold water in your face then
DRAGGING MY POSERION LAD?
small paul you'll loose on the cruise our leader
BITTER END
CHARLIE Noble
Stoopid JR
got a smoke
you Rate it, R+R
86
BOGGERS
John, Take 10(-) and step back
— mom

MRS M— s only son,
ON your head
FIRE Room
CHUNK
YOUNG MAN. Get a Bigger wrench Geordee, Dear
GET IT AGAIN!
HOW THANK GENTS - MISCERTHER NOW
THREE!

History of the Academy

Since the colonization of our country, in 1620, Massachusetts has always been a state which depended on the sea; therefore, it is only natural that it be one of the first to initiate a school dedicated to the maritime field.

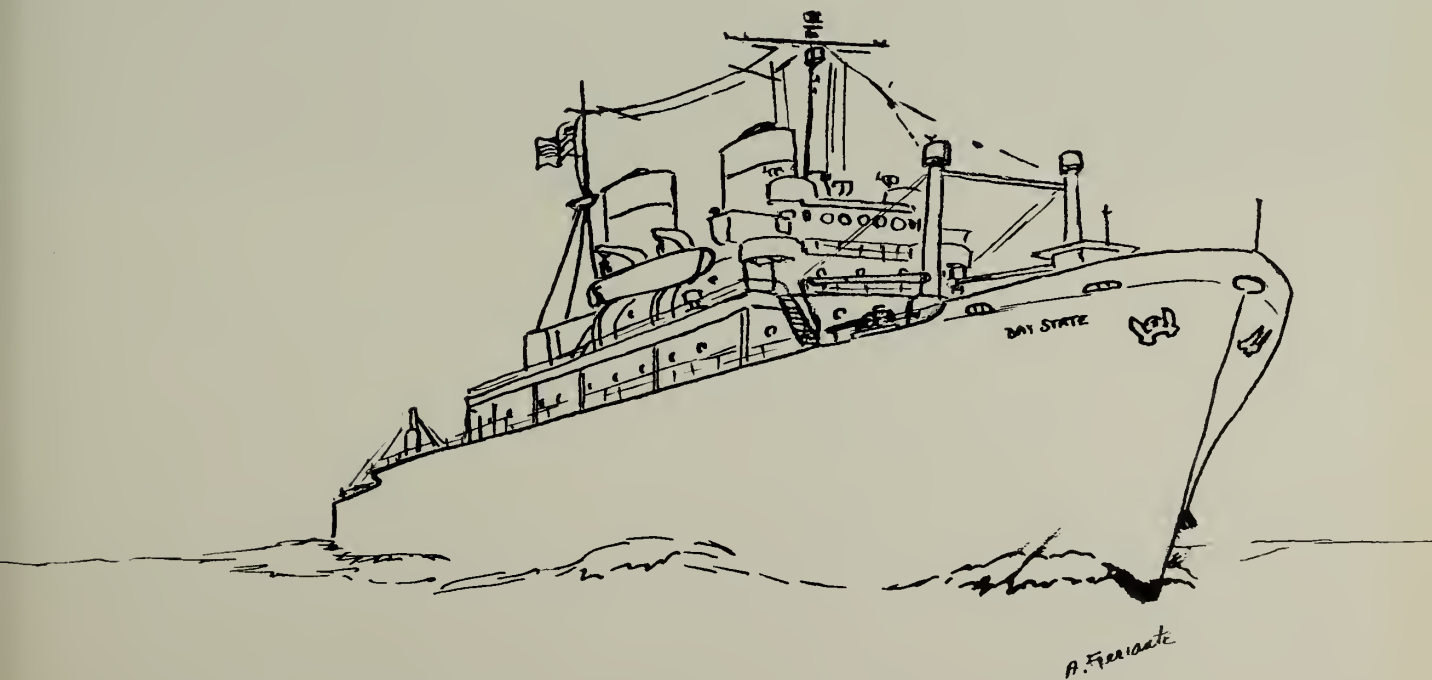
In 1891, the Massachusetts Nautical School, now Massachusetts Maritime Academy, was founded with the USS ENTERPRISE as a training vessel. The cadets traveled the seven seas, acquiring the knowledge necessary to become a trained officer in the Merchant Marine.

After sixteen productive years the USS ENTERPRISE was replaced by the barkentine RANGER which was later renamed the USS NANTUCKET, or as more commonly called by her numerous graduates, the "Nancy". The NANTUCKET served the school well through long years, and the cadets enrolled spread seeds of friendship and good will in all the ports in which they anchored.

With the imminence of war, the facilities were greatly increased by the acquiring of the shore base at Hyannis in 1941. Throughout these trying years the importance of the school was realized as the graduates proved their capabilities in the US Navy and the Merchant Marine.

In 1948 the Midshipmen of Massachusetts Maritime Academy traveled to San Francisco and boarded a new training ship, the gunboat CHARLESTON which was acquired from the Maritime Commission. Returning to Cape Cod, it was found that the CHARLESTON could most easily be moored at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay. After altering the building on State Pier into classrooms the Academy was relocated there, with plans under consideration for the further development of dormitory, laboratories, and office facilities.

Although there was no development along these lines the academy acquired the new training ship DOYEN in the summer of 1957. The CHARLESTON had served almost ten faithful years but the BAY STATE (newly adopted name) provided much better living quarters and was able to meet the expanding situation. The BAY STATE became the prime concern of the Class of 1958 and after several months of outfitting in a Staten Island Shipyard it returned to the Bay to await the construction of adequate berthing. One year later with a new ship and finger pier the Academy has settled down to plan the next step in making the Massachusetts Maritime Academy an institution which keeps abreast with the modern times.



Who is best qualified to write a **Class History?** From past observation I have noticed that when a group pools its ideas or when one person tries to recall the outstanding class events, the result is usually diary-like prose. In order to avoid this, I have accepted the **History** from some friends who have carefully observed and taken note of our class during the past three years. To some it might be a shock to have outsiders handle this project, but after reading their report I sincerely believe they are amply qualified and successful in their undertaking.

Since you are all probably skeptical as to **who** these contributors are, I shall be glad to enlighten you. The so-called **Editor-in-Chief** is a very erudite **cockroach,** known in higher scientific circles as **Professor Blatta Orientales.** I first met the **Prof.** en route from Madeira. He was ferociously arguing with two racing pigeons, who happened to

CLASS HISTORY

be enjoying an evening's snack of bird seed in the forward head showers. Believe me, I was as astounded as you probably are now, for who ever heard of talking birds and roaches. Well, nevertheless, it happened, and since I was a messcook with a full night's sleep awaiting me, I proceeded to join in the argument.

Just by coincidence the spat pertained to the writing of our **Class History** and it took the constant flapping of wet wings to harness my enthusiasm. Finally the **Prof.** and I won the confidence of the two flighty characters and they agreed to aid in writing the **History.** Unfortunately they could only sign a six-month contract, but despite this handicap and many others to follow, the **Professor** kept plugging away until he had successfully and I regretfully add posthumously — completed the following three-year report:

It all started on a hot August day in the year 1955. I happened to be sunning myself on the midships hatch coaming and had planned on a restful day, when to my surprise they (what they were is hard to describe) a group of strange, bewildered young men, started to arrive in unusual fashion.

Their dress was of a kind I had never seen and their confused actions drove me to scurry down to the **Engineer's Compartment** and seek the advice of my helpful friend, **K. T. Shine.** He quickly explained that this was the day the new third class was arriving and if I could be of any help he'd appreciate it. Well, you can imagine how I felt, for there is nothing more I enjoy than helping the underdog.

As the day went by the entire class was logged in and (in some cases) rapidly logged out. The odds for the **"about facers"** were obviously too steep; during the first few weeks some came and some went in a most unusual manner. One incident that stays with me is the time a **"youngie"**, this being their new christian name, went out to clean a swab and never returned. At least the swab was found, to the almost delirious **O D's Pleasure.** Yes, those first few weeks were rather hectic for the responsible **O D's**, but things finally settled down and those who left were soon replaced by a few late comers.

After the **Supply Officer** had finished adding to the confusion and classes started, life at **M.M.A.** began to take its old irregular shape. As I recall, the

following routine was quickly adjusted to and I think if this report is being read years from now it will bring back many memories to the reader.

0600—Reveille. Mid watch only sleep late.

0610—First call to formation.

0615—Turn to on cleaning stations.

0630—Up all idlers.

0640—Knock off work. Stow gear. Light smoking lamp.

0645—Breakfast for watches below.

0740—First call to morning formation.

0745—Morning formation, marching, and colors.

0800—Classes.

0945—Break.

1000—Resume classes.

1145—End morning classes.

1200—Dinner formation. Dinner for watches below.

1240—First call to afternoon classes.

1530—End afternoon classes.

1545—Sweep down all decks and spaces, 1-50 studies

1725—Supper formation. Supper for watches below.

1840—First call to evening studies.

2000—Resume studies.

1945—Break.

2045—End evening studies. Clean sweep down.

2150—Tattoo. Out smoking lamp.

2200—Taps. Lights out.

Memories, oh yes, memories! That was quite a life, I must say; but you, my reminiscent reader, are probably still rising and setting to a set schedule. Occasionally the new executive officer — a female one this time — allows you a few liberties, but let's face it; you are still under the old rules and regs. Pardon my forecasting of the future, but every time I crawl onto this shiny, brass door knob — I think it leads to the wardroom — I feel as though the mystic powers of the prophets are within my grasp. Oh dear!! I see a hand coming toward me. Pardon me while I scamper for safety. Whew! These careless **Middies** with their uncoordinated feet and dangerous hands. It is a good thing the first class, now experts in insecticide, wear shiny class rings and strut about with "**youngie**" spit shines or this report would never be completed.

Well, with the routine deeply entrenched in the new **Middie** minds, day after day passed with the ever-hopeful horizon of liberty becoming their obsession. Finally a break came in the announceing of the annual **Ring Dance.** It was a fine time for all according to the Sunday night loud mouths, and the "**youngies**" even had a chance to see the thought of animals as real human beings. But like all systematic things the pattern was quickly resumed and the next hopeful sight that obsessed them was dry dock. The rushing about and the continuous formations, work details, and classes made time seem to fly by. Finally the **Chun** headed for Boston, with the doubters of its ability to move found eating their pessimistic statements.

Dry dock was a valuable experience for the new salts, but since they were forever coming and going from home, I had very little time to hear their hardened sea stories. At first I did not mind their absence at night, but after a week of it I packed my bags, (in case you are interested they were made from carefully carved pieces of chewed fingernail), and happily spent the remainder of the time with some **Beacon Hill** friends (decendents of the Mayflower Roaches so they claim). With dry dock over and the **Chun** snugly secured to the finger pier or vice versa, the **Middies** settled down to classes, messcooking, turn to's, football games, and an occasional liberty. Then at last it came — final exams and the long awaited Xmas leave that follows. But like all thrills it lasted only a short time. **"Back to the grind,"** the often repeated phrase, was justifiably uttered this year for the cruise wasn't to begin until March. Stores to carry and cold Canal winds week by week lowered the **"youngie"** morale, but finally the holds were full of ham and the **Chun** was off again.

"Could it make it across?" "How about that leak up forward?" These were the remarks made by those who once doubted her capability to move; now they questioned her endurance. Well, I for one was very doubtful. When you get around like I do and I mean by around over, under, and in, there are some very unseaworthy things that

THIRD CLASS CRUISE

strike your eye. Take the case of one of my roach friends — may his shell rest in peace.

One night he started to shower under a peak tank petcock and as he reached for his sliver of **Bobby-Jobby** soap, water came through the bulkhead and wiped him out; not even giving him a chance to die like a true roach, under the foot of some assassin. This incident led me to inspect further for my own safety's sake and to my surprise I found all kinds of goodies which the **Middies** had obviously brought along for me. By the time we had reached **Bermuda,** I had gained a disgusting tenth of an ounce.

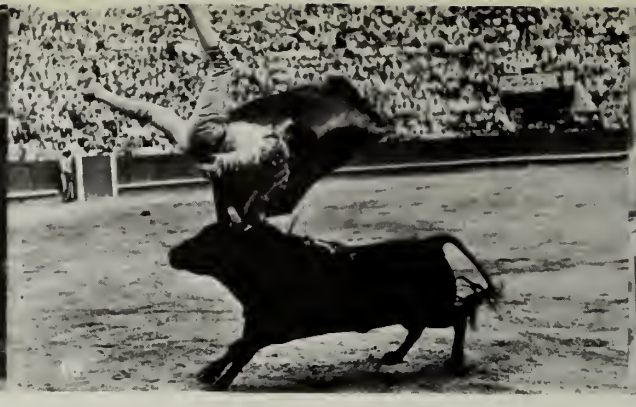
Bermuda, with its beauty and serenity, was a fine port to visit first. During the stay the beauty endured, but unfortunately the serenity was quickly lost in the roars of open-throttled motor bikes and the moans of skinned-nose drivers. All in all it was a fine time and plenty of frolicking was stored up in anticipation of the long trip across.

After spending some unexpected time for repairs, we were on our way. The weather was perfect the whole trip and soon before our eyes (in case you're curious I do have eyes) was the **Rock** which one normally sees only in geography books. Centuries and centuries were being invaded and I hope the boys realize now, if not then, how

fortunate they were to be entering not in quest of blood shed but only for fun and adventure. Yes, there was much to enjoy and learn from here on in, and as the **Chun** came to rest at the base of the **"Majestic Mound"**, liberty hounds could be seen scampering about with a newly developed continental look on their faces. The small shops, narrow streets, and **M. M. A.**'ish formality in the changing of the guard or as we say relieving the watch, proved to be the most fascinating sights. With gifts safely stored and fuel tanks filled, off we went this time for **Cognac Country.**

Marseilles, on the rugged coast of **France,** soon loomed off the port bow. The tricky entrance to the old harbor gave many a gambling **Middie** a new game to play — 10 to 1 we don't make it — but through the skill of a pilot the **Chun** successfully slivered into its berth, stern-to over the Main Street. (Don't get me wrong you outside readers, for this was the actual arranged docking space.) The **Middies** quickly heard the call for liberty and the intrigue of a foreign city soon enveloped them; in fact, it did so too much, for the port as a result received the rating of least interesting.

Well, those who found **Marseilles** not to their liking were satisfied a short time later on our arrival at **Barcelona.** The **Spanish** beauty in all shape and manner mixed with a portion of post-lenten festivities provided unforgettable pleasure



for all. In fact, the boys enjoyed this port so much that it unanimously became number one on the cruise rating list. As we left one could see the disappointment of many senorita swayed Middies, and even I must blushingly admit to some fond memories of a little **Spanish Fly.**

The coldness of **Genoa** quickly froze the warmth of **Barcelona,** but in complete disregard, off the **Middies** went on their respective trips to Rome, Florence, Lake Como, or the beautiful countryside. The freedom from shipboard routine was like a wonder drug and to one infamous **Middie** the freedom almost became permanent. As we left Italy everyone was in high spirits, for this was the homeward road.

Tangiers was the first stop after a quick fueling in **Ceuta** and according to most reports they wished the stay was as short as the fueling. The exotic beauty and strange customs were unfortunately marred by the continual harrassment of the street urchins and even I was bothered by the many **Roach** guides and eager merchants. But like the others I got even by trading my old excess clothing for the wares of a watefront **Roach,** who boasted of speaking **10** languages.

Out of **Tangiers** and out of the **Med — Madeira** next. The Portuguese island with its tall terrain was seen far out to sea and as we approached even I could note its disgusting cleanliness and quaintness. Soon it became a welcomed part of us and a relaxing time was spent sampling the fine wines, purchasing the skillfully embroidered linen, and enjoying the famous toboggan ride. Someone, as I later found out, purchased more than linen, and it ironically turned out to be to this **Professor** and his report's advantage. I might as well tell you now, for they have been hounding me to give them more acknowledgement.

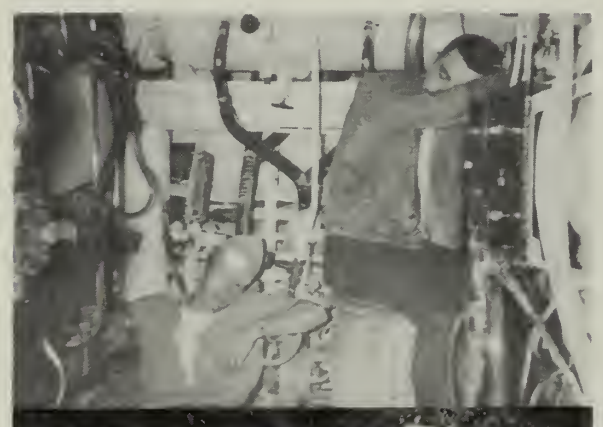
One night I had a terrible dream of the ship sinking and I found myself sleep-crawling up to

the life jacket locker. To my surprise two pigeons were comfortably resting and enjoying a midnight snack. Seeing my plight, they sympathetically invited me to join them. Briefly that is how it all started; I now turn the stage, I should say the quarterdeck, over to them.

We do not know exactly how to introduce ourselves, but if we were described as two talking pigeons, no complaints would be made. This situation was all very strange to us, for of all the combat we saw carrying messages in the war, nothing appeared as humiliating and ridiculous as being captured by a bird-loving **Middie** — we believe this is what they call their clan — and unjustly included with the fezes, linen, music boxes, and other Pescado purchases.

Our home was a dark, eerie locker. Imagine two World War II heroes given this for a roost. Well, as time went by and we had a chance to see how the others lived, the complaints were quickly withdrawn. Things were going along pretty well until that famous night in the showers. With our billing and cooing we might appear to have no morals, but at least we allow friends privacy in the showers without having seagoing policemen — we believe they are called Master-at-Arms — checking for immoral acts. Apparently this **khaki cop** took things wrong and spread the word, for during the next few months all kinds of intimate coos could be heard ushering from his mess-deck hangout. You can see why we refused at first to aid in the writing of this **History.**

We had never been across the **Atlantic** before so the trip to **San Juan** was quite an experience. The **Middies,** already salts at it, showed their homeward happiness through their tanned faces and when **Morro Castle** appeared, the grins grew even broader. This port gave everyone a chance to get that **American** feeling again and after a few days off, we were ready for the states.



Baltimore was the first **American** city we had ever seen. To us it meant liberty and freedom, but the **Middies,** who often prove to be typical, unappreciative tourists, took off for the **Capital (D. C.).** The time, as we say, flew by and before you could say **"86"** the **Boston Custom House** was looming before us. The greetings of parents, unloading of gifts, (and that included us), lasted all day. From what we heard around our new home, the ship went back to their Bay and after a few days leave the routine, which was grumbled about so often, was resumed.

After we had learned the locale and took a liking to our trainer, trips to the "**Home of the Mids**" became frequent. It was a long fly down but we would do anything to see if the system was as . . . well, like they said it was. They were right. Trips later we found the baseball team going strong and the first class busy with finals. Then came our last flight. It was a day of boat races and saying good-by. As we flew over, greeting a few of the **Bogger** gulls, nostalgically we observed the cycle that the **Prof.** had so often described complete itself with the going of another class.

With my pigeon assistants gone and the upper jobs off to the Seven Seas, I was left alone with only the third and second class. I should be more considerate and say new second and first class for after a short — and I mean **short** — summer leave, they returned to find a whole crop of eager young men awaiting their wrath.

The routine of breaking in a new group immediately began. All the schemes and plans that were imagined were put into practice with much enthusiasm and joy. I could hear them all day long and half the night:

"Just think, we are second jobs now!"

"Pick up that dirty hand swab!"

"Move that brush!"

"Why weren't you at turn-to on time?"

These were some of the satisfying commands they could finally bark, for it was their job to keep things clean. Under the supervision of the long-suppressed snappers deck plates took on a new luster, swabs moved faster and even reached under the bunks. Yes, the cycle had truly completed itself.

Soon the **Ring Dance** was upon them and as second jobs the novelty had worn off, but thanks to a little **Parker House Artillary Party** all went off successfully. Of course they weren't as original as the first class's **Pent House Panic** with acrobats walking on ledges and **TV's,** but after all they had a whole year ahead to develop their **MALism.**

Dry Dock came next, but it was soon lost in the tangled thoughts of classes, two weekends off a month (three for the clever 20-20 club), and the ever so awaited finals. With these complete, Xmas leave began and nothing seemed more precious, though there was more time off than the previous year. Each day of freedom was chewed and well digested, for the return to the Bay spelled **CRUISE.**

Most of the boys were eager to leave, for the weather was getting extremely cold and with an itinerary listing such ports as **Panama** and **Barranquilla,** nothing could hold them back. No, not even the thought of ham. On a bleak, windy, typical Bay day, the **Chun** headed south, as the **Middies** waved good-byes with nothing on their minds but the soft, tropical winds, stimulating **Calypso,** and sun-giving **"Benies."**

SECOND CLASS CRUISE

The trip down was comparatively good except for the usual **Cape Hatteras hassle.** Finally **Guantanamo Bay,** the **Navy's** winter playground, came into view. At the time I was crawling through the wardroom and overheard talk involving liberty. Sure enough **City Hall** was tampering again.

Due to this and that, liberty will be from 1300 to 1800. You can imagine how tee'd off I was after spending a **Rock** and **Roll** week coming down. Well, sulkingly I crawled back to the compartment, for

who can argue with the **Almighty?** As it was, the port did not have too much to offer, except the base facilities, and off we went for **St. Thomas.**

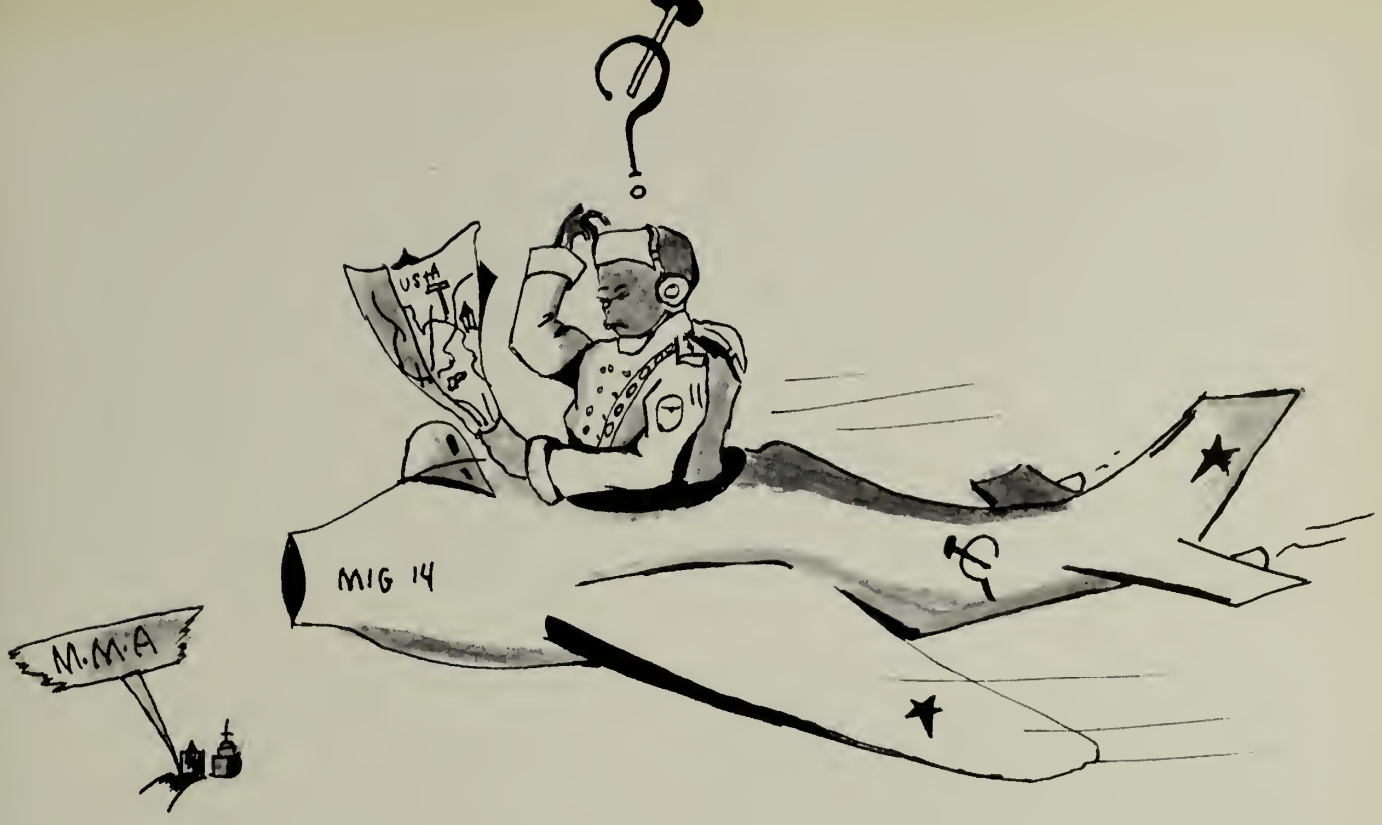
Here we all found what we wanted, whether it be sight-seeing, frolicking (a word with a thousand meanings), or just plain adventure. A few of the greedier second class stuffed themselves with all of this through the medium of a touring car, but like most gluttons they received belly aches from it.

This appeared to be the port of transportational tragedy, for two of the first class, apparently posing as natives, paddled out to the anchorage in a crude bum boat only to be detected by their white skins. The **G. I.** lingo of one was what gave me the tip off. With everyone finally accounted for, we were on our way again.

From here to **Barranquilla,** ports of call included **Antigua,** which received the worst rating, **Barbados,** which had many swinging second story joints and a famed **Pottery Detective** agency, and **Trinidad,** which offered excellent base facilities and guaranteed a wild time down town. Yet nothing thus far could compare to **Barranquille,** the wonderful **Columbian City** up the river. The variety gave everyone a chance to enjoy himself and the grand finale to my mind was the highly successful ship's dance.

It is very seldom that I get a chance to dance. eat, and listen to good music with the safety of a known hiding place, so you can see why all this appealed to me. We, the **Chun** roaches, broke out our best bib and tuckers along with all our stolen food and had a **Helluva** time, if you'll pardon the expression, up in the old 6" 47 mount. You might say we were shooting the works that festive night.

It was a nice way to end a good time, but on the trip to **Panama** many eyes could be seen dreamily looking back over the stern. The famous canal soon was before us and the fond gazes quickly turned to memories of school books describing **Goethals** leading men through the dense jungle **Isthmus.** As liberty parties invaded the modern city and observed the canal in action the realization of men dying and toiling became remote; in fact the only realistic thing was the tax-free prices. Since this was the case, most of the cruise shopping took place here, but some was done in **Panama City** via postal order to the regret of the **Middie Pescadoes.**



With the gifts for the home folks out of the way, the trip to **Grand Cayman** became quite relaxing. As a matter of fact, the island with its solitude, beautiful beaches, and crystal-clear water seemed to be the perfect place to come before the hub-bub of **Houston** and the other American ports.

Well rested, the homeward-bound clan set out for the **Texas Tower** town and found dances and other festivities awaiting them. The trip up the river to **Houston** was observed with anticipation and interest, whereas on the return a few more feelings could have easily been injected as a result of the fine time the boastful **Texans** provided.

Mobile and **Ft. Lauderdale** went by practically unnoticed for **Boston** was next on the agenda. The **Senior Bowl** showing of **Miss America** and the other lovelies impressed some, but the typical attractions such as **Joe Palooka's** seemed to win the honors. In **Florida** it was the beaches and playboy-like atmosphere that won out, but the biggest reward was still to come — **Boston,** with the same old thrills of seeing friends and getting home out of the job suit and away from the routine.

But we cannot stop time. On to the second semester classes. With two cruises under their belts, the feeling of being upper jobs was forming in their minds. Sure enough, finals had arrived and the upper jobs gone. Whew! and other such sighs could be heard ushering from the soon-to-be-yelling **"young man"** mouths. It was all true, and yet was all the false prestige going to be worth those previous two years?

With their second year finals over and the well-earned summer leave ended, the new first class buckled right down and proudly took the reins. This year was going to be more frustrating than probably any other in **M. M. A.** history, yet this was realized and almost welcomed.

At the end of the 2nd class year the results of long talks and propositions finally came to a head in the acquiring of the **APA Doyen.** This was to be our new home, and the responsibility of getting things organized was laid right in the first class laps. At first no one believed in the validity of those rumors, but when the famed **Doyen Dozen** were picked to report to **New York,** the charge was dropped. All eyes then awaited the arrival of the new training ship.

It came on a weekend when most of the midshipmen were on liberty, so when they returned all eyes skeptically beheld the huge **Pink Elephant** huddled against the building. Believe me, what

STATEN

you saw on liberty Saturday night was not real, but this lonely phantom of delight, which was to be our home, was the nearest thing to realism you could find. The 2nd class (soon to be first class) tasted the bitterness of its realism by having security watches assigned and after a few months of fiddling with the new toy, off it went to the ship yard. Only a fatalist could have survived under the **"bombs"** and changes that followed, but as they look back upon it I'm sure not one would refuse to do it again.

Mr. Harrington gave some very sound advice one day to his **"Brilliant"** math class concerning the futility of planning: "Since this new ship is going to cause so many irregular changes, I would advise you not to make any plans for the rest of the year." How true this statement turned out to be, for after a confusing leave period a stalwart group of young men were whisked off to the **Staten Island Home** for **Hopeless Hulks.**

With the class divided everything just fell apart. Classes were quite ridiculous and the **CHUN** was becoming disregarded more and more each day. I must admit my roach friends had a ball, but it was like their last fling, for the new ship meant only inevitable extermination to our well intrenched clan. Everyone seemed to be having his troubles except the rejuvenated football team, which was rolling along with a fine record. From what I heard from **Staten Island** things were really having their ups and downs. Oh well, we all just had to grin and bear it.

I S L A N D

Rumors and hearsay was all the news I received from New York until my long-expected letter arrived. A fellow roach **Prof.**, who was crawling around **Columbia U.** that year, met two of the **"late ferry riders,"** just by coincidence yearbook men, down in the **Village** one night and managed to get the latest news for me. In between the discussions of philosophy, psychology, and art, he finally squeezed out that the select group was eating at a nearby restaurant (a 3 mile walk), working about with their eyes and ears open, and all in all enjoying the **Rheingold** night life. Through later letters I learned the food was being served on board and the unmentional facilities were finally in operation to everyone's convenience and pleasure.

Despite the confusion, the **Annual Ring Dance,** the only one in which quarter of the class came 200 miles to attend, went off in grand style; thus closing another chapter in the first class history.

After a few more recruits went to New York, life at the **Bay** seemed to be monopolized by the 3rd class, but it wasn't too much later when the long-awaited toy had been reclaimed. Up she sailed with her **bloodless** crew, meeting only the obstacle of a grounded ship in the canal. Through the good and bad comments came the cries of **"young man"** and it was like music to my ears, for they had been getting away with too much.

Thanks to the **Yearbook Editor** I was given a new, safe home, but unfortunately my other friends had to stay with the **CHN.** Some tried to get across only to have their ambition and life squelched by an inconsiderate foot.

With the **Bay State,** this being its new name, back things eventually started to take shape. Classes were resumed, at least on paper, and the routine slowly reconstructed itself as the **CHN** slowly became dismembered. The **Bay State** received excess attention through an absurd multi-man watch bill; nevertheless, everyone was prewarned of the impending difficulties and took it with a grin.

The doubts of the vessel sailing grew bigger and bigger. After a quick trip to **Boston** for stability tests and a fiasco of finals with their 20 hour warning, Xmas leave was announced with the hopes of leaving shortly after 1st class fire-fighting school. Good-byes were said and off they went to **Newport,** a class function I'm sure they'll never (ever never) forget, only to return and find the sailing date postponed. Home again, by again became the January joke until finally we were given a **C. G.** waiver and departed for the sunny **Caribbean.**

The trip down will never be forgotten, for the memories of that continual sideward sway or the 37 breakdowns will come out automatically in the inevitable telling of your life as a **Middie.** Yes, it was rather hectic that first week out, but the **Superintendent's** remark on how restive the trip was spurred us on, despite the mechanical difficulties. "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink"

"BAY STATE"
Cuba

FIRST CLASS CRUISE

almost became our cry, but fortunately we turned our backs on **St. Thomas** and went into **San Juan, Puerto Rico,** for a fresh supply of water. This ended in a three week stay for repairs and **Trinidad** was missed.

The familiar streets and buildings were frequented by the first class again and like the last time here, high prices were the big obstacle. Finally after sampling all the docking facilities, we were off for a short stay in **Ciudad, Trujillo.**

This proved to be a reunion place, for some grads were seen and the **Gookness** reminded the boys of past island sorties. Gifts of mahogany and large straw sombreros were the attraction and as we left with all safely stowed, many believed this to be the last cheap, unamerican port. This proved to be true as a result of no liberty in **(Un) Progresso, Mexico.** Someone goofed when this port was chosen but I, a little learned roach who can only read charts and see the obvious impending complications, cannot very well argue with that mysterious person who so often decides our fate.

Well, despite this situation, a grand ball was had in the port following **Ciudad, Trujillo.** Where else could it be but **New Orleans** with its **French** quarter, **Bourbon** and **Canal** streets, **Mississippi River,** and most of all the **Mardi Gras.** This is one time where the **Academy** arrived or did something on time. **Fun** was had in all forms and nothing can be said to adequately describe the occasion. I can only mention it and hope your memories bring forth the incidents which made it a ball for you.

Typical of the **Academy,** we went from fun to folly on our arrival at Progresso from New Orleans, but seeing this visit or fubar has already been described, I shall not bore you.

We arrived in the historic harbor of **Habana,** and after an 86 bell attempt to tie up, the **bird watchers** decided to anchor out. The **Cuban** officials soon found to their dismay the many revolutions to get in were not half as bad as the ones caused by the **Middies** in town; in fact the local **Rebels** almost took a back seat.

The trip from the **Manhattan of the Caribbean** was spent talking over the wild **Cuban** adventures, but on our arrival in **Corpus Christi,** the reminiscing was quickly washed out by the typical Texas hospitality. Speaking of being washed out, I happened to be the first one ashore as the result of my own stupidity or I should say unsaltiness.

While coming up the river that morning I took the liberty to sack out on a line with a lead attached to the end — obviously so it wouldn't blow off into the water. Well, what happened next is hard to describe, for between the confusion of the ship maneuvering and the shock of my body being hurled toward the dock, I still wonder whether it was a nightmare or not. All I can say is I hung on for dear life, and finally after being dropped into the water three times the line made the hands of some swabbies. Thanks to the inspiring sight of a welcoming band and ten twirling beauties my wrath was quickly squelched.

The people literally opened the town up for the boys and a dance sponsored by the Navy **Mothers** iced the cake so to speak. On the way to **Tampa** the savory sweets could still be tasted

and I have a sneaking suspicion many fond memories are still **Deep** in the **Heart** of **Texas.**

The taking of bearings, and I don't mean by the deckies, resulted in **Tampa** shipyard deals; Nassau had to be eliminated but the nice warm Florida sun — seen only on the tourist bulletins — made up for it. After spending several days dodging the **Bombs** of where we were headed next the word finally was smuggled out from behind the **Wardroom Curtain** and we staggered seaward for **Jacksonville.** After a short stop in **Jax,** the memories of it lost in the thoughts of Boston, we opened up the throttles — I mean throttle — and headed north. The distance closed fast except for a few days when the sea seemed to be making more speed in the opposite direction. With time to spare we pulled into the **Tea Party Town,** and before the condensor had time to cool down the **Middies** were off to their homes and Sunday dinner on a plate for a change.

After a short stay in Boston answering many embarrassing questions concerning tans or in my case a bleached shell, the **Buzzard's Bay Battalion** returned to resume operation normal. It was nice to be back but the Chun with all my roach friends aboard had been hauled off to a **Baltimore** junkyard and the old finger pier was now being eaten away by a hungry crew of construction workers.

As the weeks rolled by license questions churned through the first job minds (an occasional break for filling out forms, taking physicals, life boat tests or other requirements help to make them realize this was the homestretch). It seems all I heard nights was the chatter pertaining to navy duty. "What did you put in for **Auxiliaries** or **Destroyers?**" "I can see it now — new car, new deals to pull, especially with all this advanced training." "How many more Sunday nights to come back?" On and on the pipe dreams raged but at least they were not yelled across the compartment like I recall on the **Charleston** . . . The following closing section was unfortunately not written by **Professor Blatta Orientales** for due to an unforseen accident my roach friend met his death. The tragedy occurred on one of those restless weekends when the boys had nothing to do. Some energetic group of tractor enthusiasts decided to break the dull Saturday afternoon at-

mosphere by test driving **Junior**'s tempting toy. The professor who often spent his time sunning on the warm bumper never had a chance when the **Fangio** like foursome lost control.

I did manage to hear the last words of my bumperized friend and the following is a copy of his oral closing for the history:

"Injustice has been done for the fates have not granted me the time to see the **58**-ers graduate but I hope that my little project will bring back both memories and inspiration for the years ahead. They have faced many obstacles and won. License exams and other barriers will rear up continually in your march for success and may this little passage help you all to knock them down — and I do not mean with a tractor:

"It matters not how straight the gate.
How charged with punishment the scroll.
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul."

ACTIV

ITIES

The Company of Midshipmen of the

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

cordially invite you to attend a

Formal Ring Dance

to be held at the

Main Ballroom of the Sheraton Plaza Hotel

Boston, Massachusetts

on Saturday evening, the fifth of October

Nineteen hundred and fifty-seven

from eight to twelve o'clock

R.S.V.P.

Doing things different seemed to be traditional for the Class of 1958, even when it came to the annual ring dance. Since the Bay State was in a Staten Island shipyard with one-quarter of the class on board many complications evolved concerning the dance; yet despite all obstacles, such as 200 miles of commuting distance, the biggest social event of the Midshipmen's lives went off in grand fashion.

THE MUSTER

Muster Staff

It is always the work of a few that keeps the ball moving and this was the case, as always, concerning the various class activities. Thanks to the work of our committee members the class operated smoothly, received their rings, had their dances, and all in all left a fine record.

Let's hope the work they have done sets a precedent for other class leaders to follow.

SCHO

LEA

Class Officers

Ring and Ring Dance Committee

OL

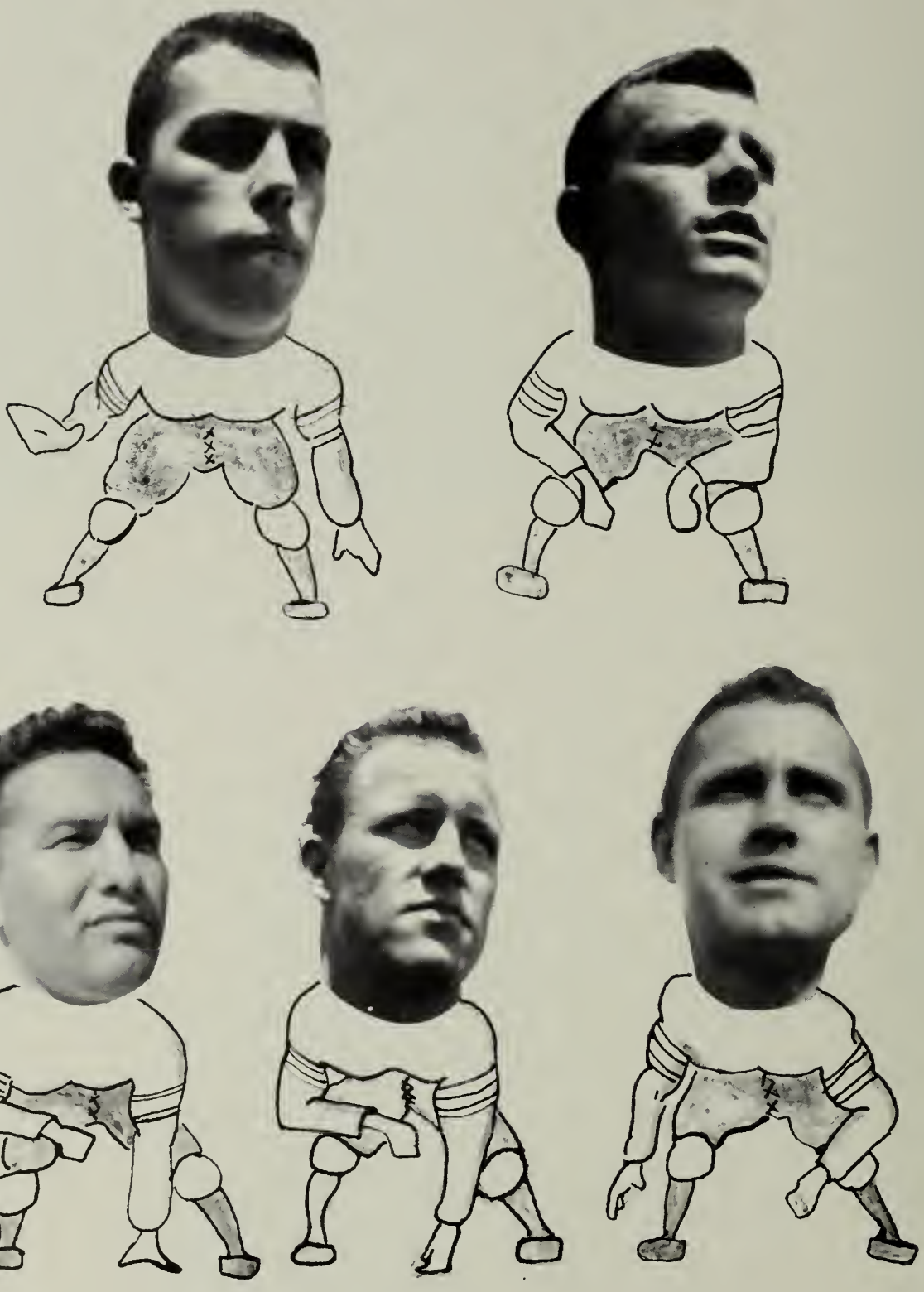
DERS

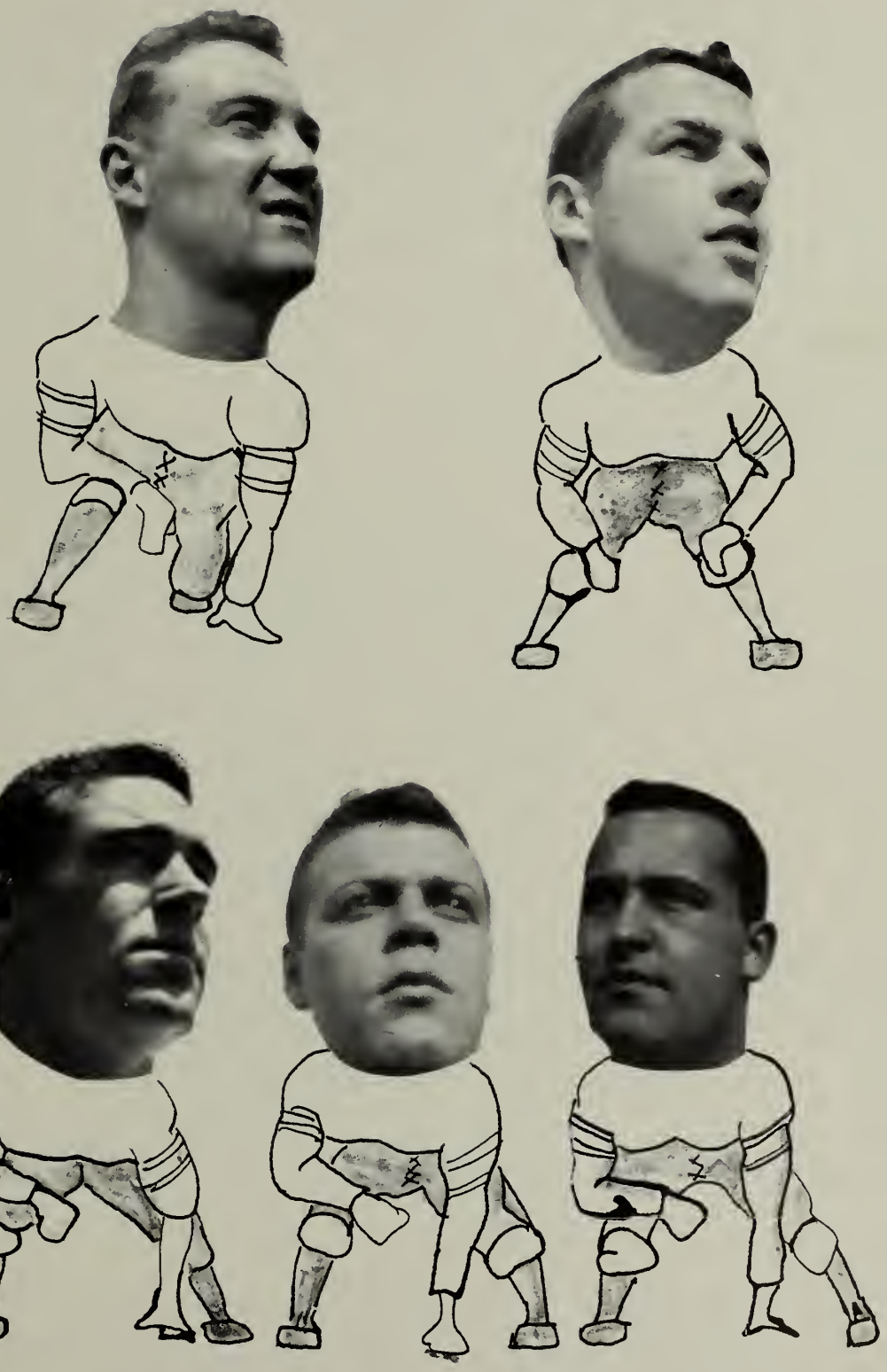
THE ORCHESTRA

OUR MUSIC MAKERS

GLEE CLUB

RING COMMITTEE





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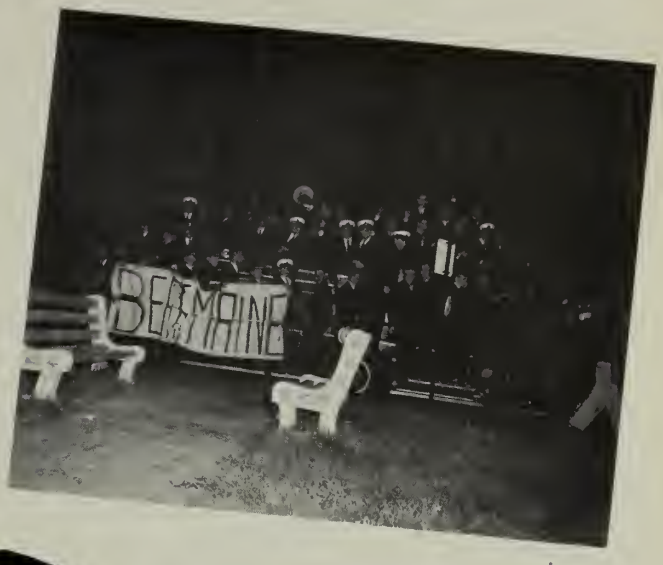
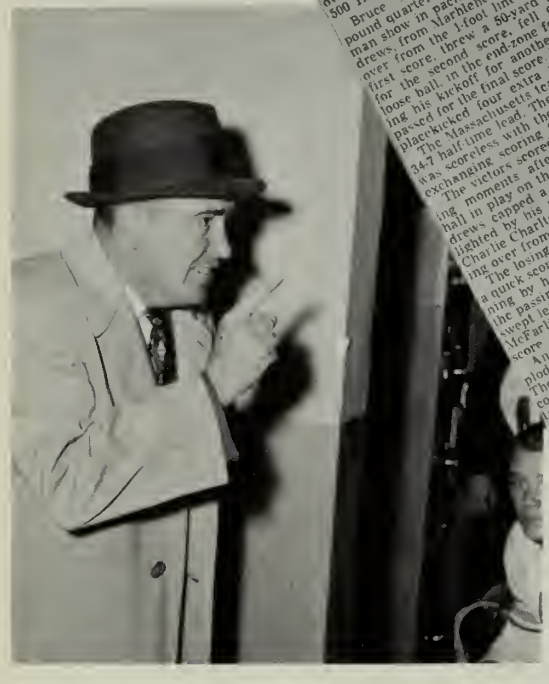
BEAT MAINE...





Maritime Cops

Maine Club Bows, 34-7, To Cape Foe

Special to The Standard-Times

FARFHAM, Nov. 9 — An ex-plosive 28 point first period pro-pelled Massachusetts Maritime Academy to an easy 34-7 victory over Maine Maritime before about 500 Homecoming Day fans here.

Bruce Andrews, a 6-2, 195-pound quarterback, staged a one-man show in pacing the win. An-drews, from Marblehead, sneaked over from the 1-foot line for the first score, threw a 50-yard pass for the second score, fell on a loose ball in the end-zone follow-ing his kickoff for another, and passed for the final score. He also placekicked four extra points.

The Massachusetts team held a 34-7 half-time lead. The final half was scoreless with the two teams exchanging scoring threats.

The victors scored in the open-ing moments after putting the ball in play on the Maine 30. An-drews capped a fast spurt high-lighted by his aerial to halfback Charlie Charlton to the 6, by bull-ing over from the 1-foot line.

The losing club countered with a quick score following sharp run-ning by halfback Dick Holt and a passing of Frank Catena Holt swept left end for the score. Dick McFarlin's placement tied the score.

Andrews and his mates ex-ploded here to sew up the contest. The versatile quarterback un-corked his pretty 50-yard aerial to Charlton in a 65-yard scoring play. He then converted.

Following a Maine punt An-drews, passed his club to the Maine 45, then sprung fullback George Crowninshield loose on a delayed buck for a touchdown. Andrews again converted.

On the following kickoff, a Maine receiver accidentally brushed the ball as he awaited it to go in the endzone. The alert Andrews, who had kicked off, fell on it for the fourth Massachusetts touchdown. Again, he split the posts for the conversion.

The final Massachusetts score came following an interception of Crowninshield carried to the 21 rolling out, scampered to the 27, and then omipresent Andrews fired a touchdown toss to Charl-ton.

The second half was a contrast to the offensive first half with both clubs halting drives and fumbling or intercepting.

Massachusetts used many of its substitutes as Coach Lee Harring-ton's team coasted to its fifth win against two losses.

MASS. MARITIME
ENDS—Whelahan, McCormick, Thomp-son
TACKLES—Willey, Redfearn, Dunkerith, Larkin,
GUARDS—Lynch, Charlton, Atwood, Jacobowski
CENTERS—Mariner, Larry, Mason, Melvin, Lar-son
BACKS—Crowninshield, Harmon, Baldwin, Santa-Croce, Fraser, Kruse.

MAINE MARITIME
ENDS—Hill, Williams, Nemiec, Celson.
TACKLES—Ridley, Dewey.
GUARDS—Grider, Harlan, Clark.
CENTERS—Catena, McFarlin, Holt, Vinci.
BACKS—Mitchell, McIntyre.

Score by periods:
Massachusetts ..... 14 0 20 0—34
Maine ..... 0 7 0 0—7

TOUCHDOWNS—Andrews 2, Charlton 2, Crowninshield, Holt. Points after touch-down: Andrews 4, Holt. Referee—Mc-Farlin. Umpire—Andrews. Linesman—Ridley, Brett. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

CENTERS—White Sparrow
BACKS—Police, Griffith, Enzzania, Berry, Miclire (c), Lavoie, Finneran

FALMOUTH
ENDS—Kavajan, Santos, Phillips
TACKLES—Simonsen, D. Peterson, Tries.
GUARDS—Hill, Reinke, Peterson, John-son
CENTERS—Pinnell, Hanlay
BACKS—Rogers, Peterson, Andrade, Vanham, Murray, Nickerson, Police, PAT—Peterson, Pollette
TOUCHDOWNS—Vanham, Police, Referee—Crowley, Linesman—Langlois, Umpire—Blanchette

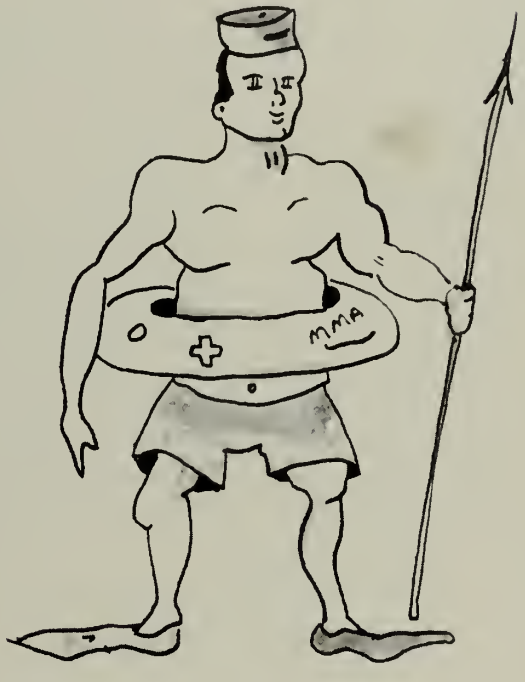
THE MARINERS

M. M. A.		Opponents
21	Post College of New York	2
15	Newport Naval Station	34
21	Brewster Academy	7
28	Harvard Frosh	7
14	New Britain State Teachers	38
13	Quonset Point Naval Station	6
34	Maine Maritime Academy	7
146		101

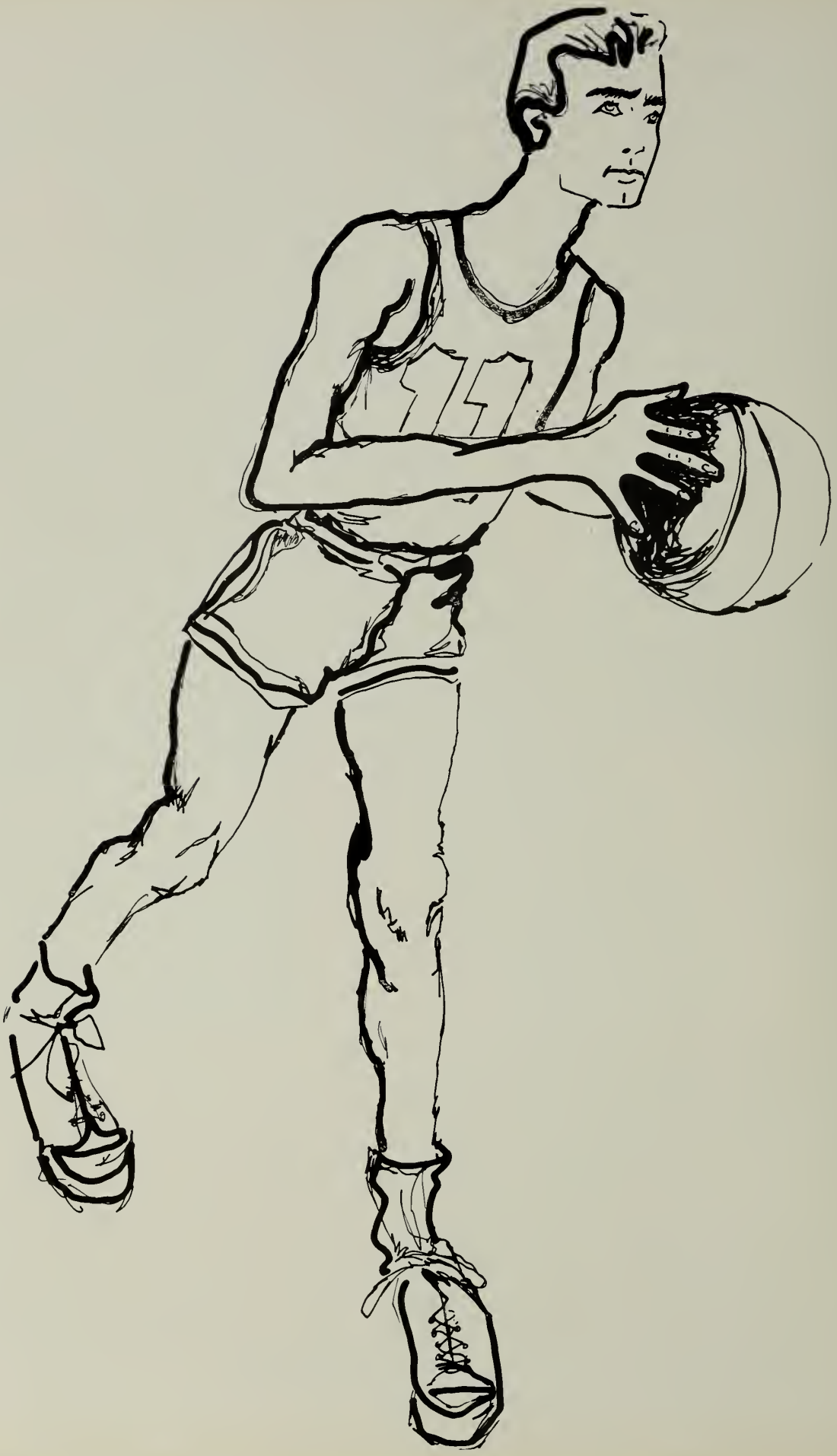
OUR VICTORIOUS MARINERS

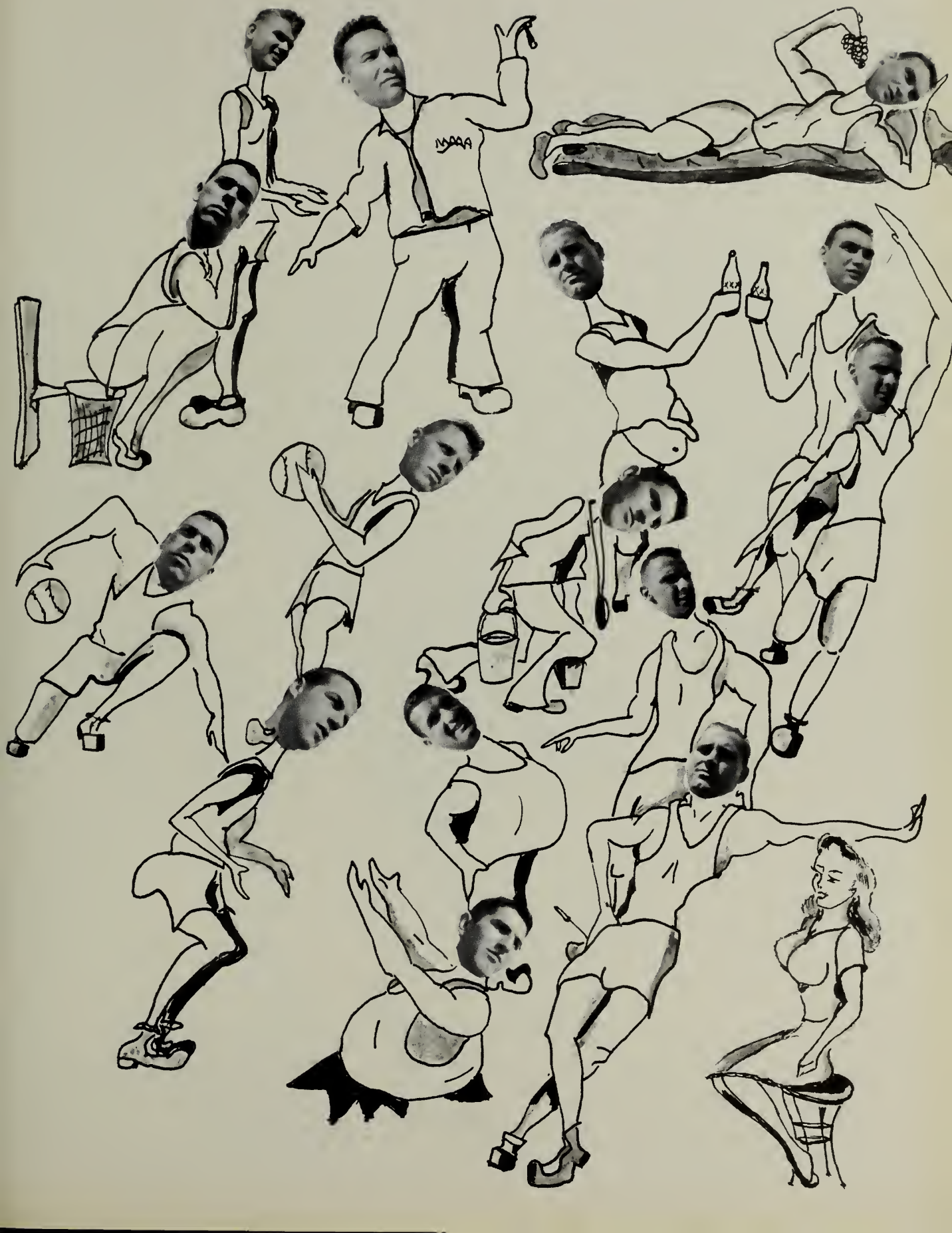
GOLF

SWIMMING



TRACK





1958

BAY STATE

WHOM SHOULD WE THANK FIRST . . .

The adviser, staff, class, or our generous well wishers and advertisers? Each one had an equal and important part to play in the successful completion of this book, and I as Editor, express my sincere appreciation.

A yearbook takes a great deal of time and effort, and the filling in of pages between the covers is an undertaking the scope of which one never realizes until he attempts it. We have found out and are a bit tired, but the copy, layouts, pictures, finances, and other editorial headaches are quickly forgotten when we think of all the considerate help received from Mr. Clark and the following Patrons and Advertisers:

Thank you again,

Charles L. Fields II

CHARLES L. FIELDS,

Editor of Muster

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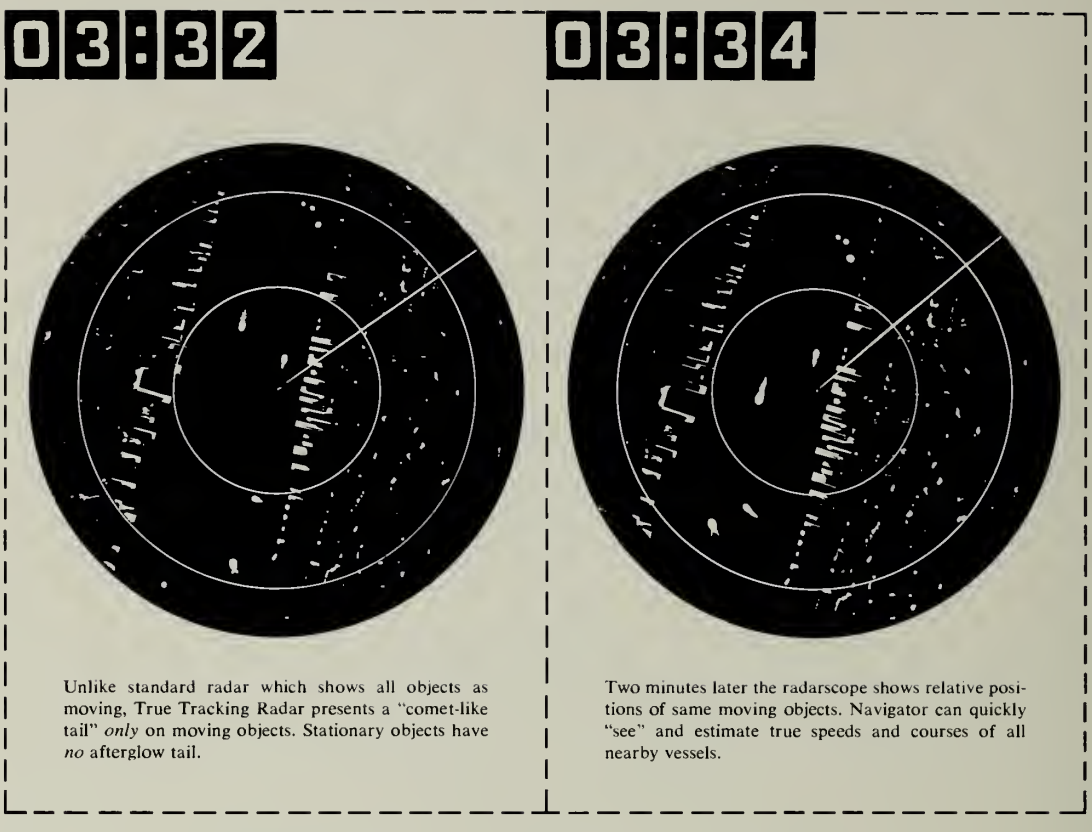
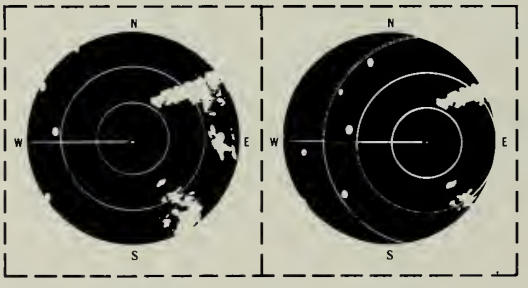


Unlike standard radar which shows all objects as moving, True Tracking Radar presents a "comet-like tail" *only* on moving objects. Stationary objects have *no* afterglow tail.

Two minutes later the radarscope shows relative positions of same moving objects. Navigator can quickly "see" and estimate true speeds and courses of all nearby vessels.

Radar Motion Pictures

New True Tracking and Off-Center Positioning easily adapted to Sperry Mark 3 Marine Radar



Off-Center Positioning Control, an integral part of True Tracking, lets the observer increase his "search area" while maintaining high resolution and definition on the short range. Presentation (left) shows "no traffic" land masses with ship traffic at edge of scope. By "off-centering" his ship electronically (right) operator retains his check points and also brings into view ships formerly out of range.

Sperry's new True Tracking Radar offers instant differentiation between stationary and moving objects. Presenting a panoramic "motion picture" of everything in range, it enables the trained observer to quickly estimate the direction and speed of nearby vessels.

With True Tracking, all moving vessels—including the operator's own—appear as moving blips with small, comet-like tails. Fixed objects such as land, docks and buoys show *no* afterglow tail.

Another new development, Off-Center Positioning, enables the navigator to move his ship to any point on the scope *without changing the range scale.* It permits him to observe new areas and approaching vessels while retaining important land check points. Off-Center Positioning is incorporated in True Tracking Radar.

True Tracking and Off-Center Positioning, both modifications of the Sperry Mark 3 Radar, can be easily installed at the factory or aboard ship. For more information on these two important Sperry contributions to safer, more accurate navigation, phone or write your nearest Sperry district office.

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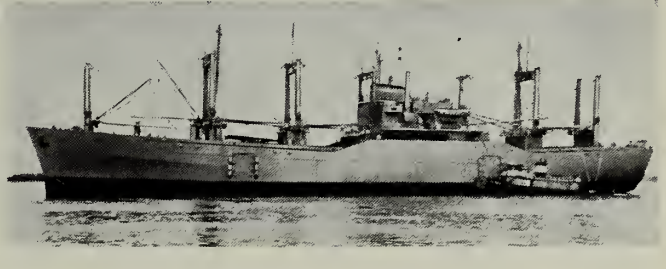
Designed to transport one sixth of the vehicles attached to an armored division, the USNS Comet sailed on her maiden voyage early this year carrying 378 vehicles from Philadelphia to France. The prototype of its class, the Comet is equipped with 4 hydraulically operated side ramps which may be lowered to dock level to permit the loading of vehicles under their own power. Loading time for the new MSTS ship on its initial voyage was only ten hours, considerably less than would have been consumed if the ship had been loaded by conventional means.

In addition to the side ramps, the Comet is equipped with a stern ramp that is much like the familiar bow of a landing craft and is also used for self-powered loading. Once aboard, vehicles are driven to their assigned places via spiral interior



ramps. When adequate dockside facilities are not available, the ship can be loaded and unloaded through either side or stern ports onto barges. Besides fast loading time, and shorter turnabout time between ports inherent in the new method, other cost-saving advantages include elimination of the need for dockside and floating cranes as well as the ability to lift cargo in trailer trucks without breaking bulk.

The Babcock & Wilcox Company, whose boilers supply power to the new "Comet", U.S.S. Saratoga, the U.S.S. Forrestal, and so many thousands of other American ships, is continuing to work in the tradition of engineering excellence which has made the U. S. A. the world's leader in the design and construction of merchant and naval vessels.

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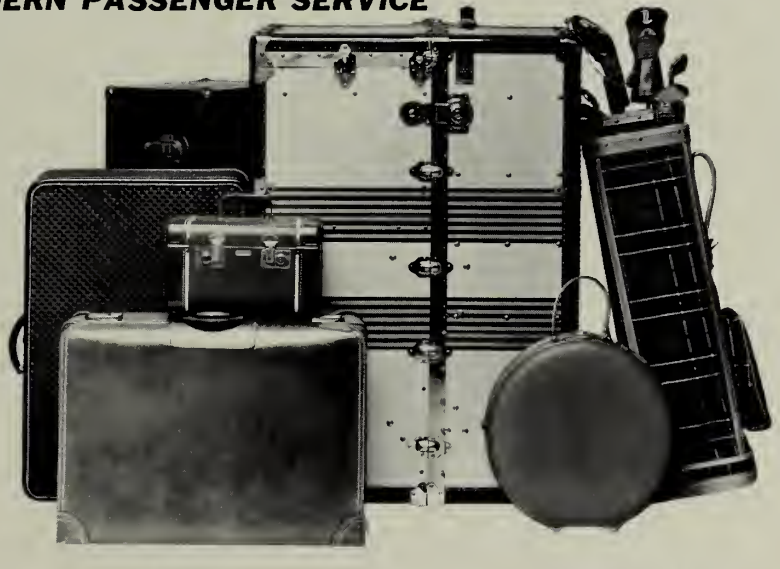

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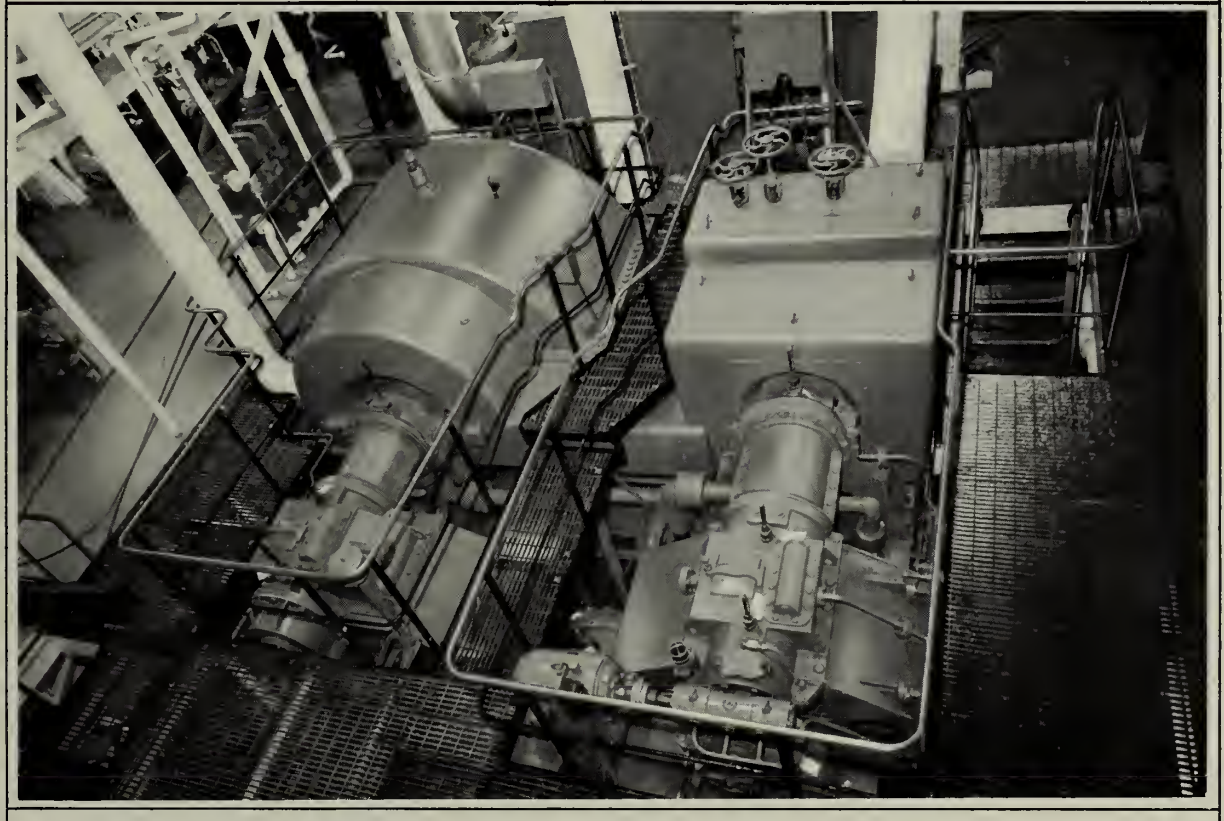

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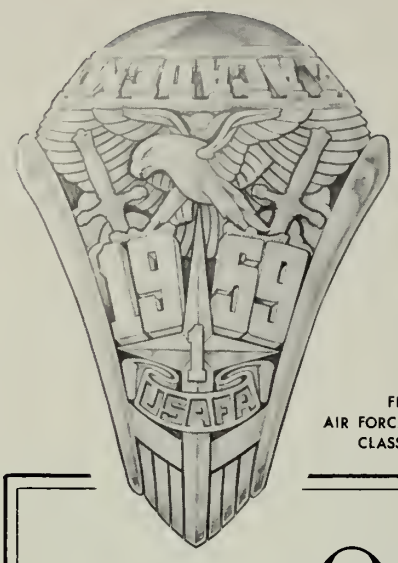

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